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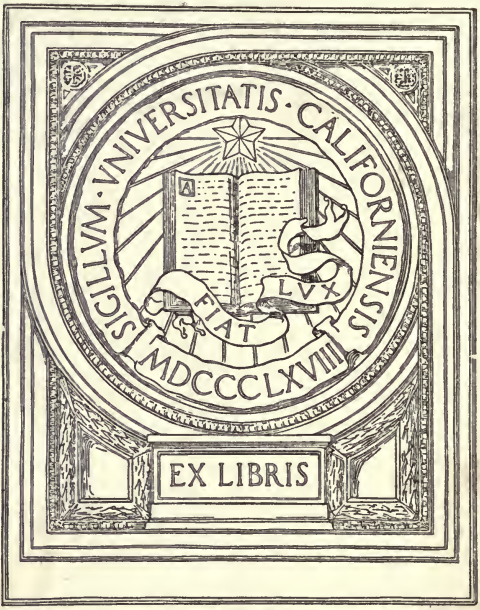

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Mary Johnson

Mary Johnson

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS;

BY *SUSANNA ROWSON*,

PRECEPTRESS OF THE *LADIES' ACADEMY*, *NEWTON*, *MASS.*

AUTHOR OF

CHARLOTTE, INQUISITOR, REUBEN AND

RACHEL, &c. &c.

"I MUST REMAIN ACCOUNTABLE FOR ALL MY FAULTS, AND SUBMIT, WITHOUT SUBTERFUGE, TO THE CENSURES OF CRITICISM, WHICH I SHALL NOT HOWEVER ENDEAVOUR TO SOFTEN BY A FORMAL DEPRECATION."

"THE SUPPLICATIONS OF AN AUTHOR NEVER YET REPRIEVED HIM A MOMENT FROM OBLIVION."

JOHNSON's RAMBLER.

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ERRATA.

Page 21st—last line but one, for *catch*, read *catches*.
— 26th—3d line from the bottom, for *shotst*, read *shot'st*.
2d line from do. for *brightens*, read *brighten'st*.
— 38th—6th line, for *End*, read *And*.
— 40th—7th line, for *burst*, read *bursts*.
— 83d—1st line, for *wast*, read *wert*.
— 90th—4th line from bottom, for *but*, read *bid*.
— 93d—6th line from do. for *cheek*, read *sweet*.
— 120th—1st line, for *fells*, read *falls*; and for *peltering*, read *pattering*.
— 125th—3d line from bottom, for *E'en*, read *E'er*.
— 147th—1st line, for *beateous*, read *beauteous*.
— 150th—3d line, for *nymps*, read *nymphs*.
— 175th—5th line, for *granry*, read *gran'ry*.
— 176th—2d line, for *gratful* read *grateful*.
— 189th—1st line, for *cloud*, read *clouds*.
— 192d—1st line, for *At noon I delighted to range o'er the soil*, read, *At noon I delighted range o'er the rich soil*.
— 197th—5th line, for *do*, read *doth*.
— 205th—2d line, for *virtue*, read *glory*.
— 215th—7th line, for *yawning*, read *yearning*.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE BIRTH OF GENIUS.

AN IRREGULAR POEM.

NEAR where chaste DIAN holds her court,
When with pale crescent she is seen,
Leading the elves and fairies gay
To mimic revel, sport, and play,
Across the dew-bespangled green;

Where Sol attir'd in purple vest,
His fiery coursers sunk to rest,
For ease and pleasure would resort;

In a retreat, where Nature, as in play,
Had shed her choicest stores;
Where bloom'd the sacred laurel, and the bay,
And wheresoe'er the ravish'd eye could stray,
Were ever blooming flowers;

Beside a spring, whose clear translucent wave
O'er variegated pebbles softly crept,
O'er which the lovelorn willow wept,
Deep in a coral rock, was form'd a cave.
There Nature still in sportive mood
Had deck'd the grot with spar's, and gems, and ore:
The flaming ruby there was seen,
The modest amethyst's unchanging blue,
Pure rocks of diamond, the emerald green;

And tho' the hand that deck'd it thus was rude,
The more 'twas gaz'd upon it pleas'd the more,
Forever various and forever new.

Of nymphs, and hamadry'ds, the fav'rite haunt,
But chiefly of AZURIA; oft would she,
Ere PHOEBUS 'gan his beams to dart aslant,
Forsake the sportive sylvan throng,
Neglect the dance, forget the song,
And hither come to weep, from observation free.

Lovely AZURIA, young and fair,
Adorn'd with every grace,
Was JUNO in her shape and air,
And VENUS took peculiar care
To decorate her face.
Her skin surpass'd the lily's hue;
Her auburn tresses light fantastic play'd,
Loose floating in the air;

Some fell, her beauteous neck to shade,
And by the contrast fairer made
Her bosom, partly bare;
Thro' silken curtains sweetly stole
An eye-beam, that could melt the soul,
From eyes celestial blue.

Too oft the nymph had sought the shade;
For PHOEBUS, when from day retir'd,
Beheld her oft, and oft admir'd.
At length his heav'nly lyre he strung;
As o'er th' obedient strings his fingers move,
He sung AZURIA'S charms, and PHOEBUS' love;
Sweet strains of everlasting love he sung,
The list'ning nymph believ'd, and was betray'd.

And now pale ENVY from her loathsome cell,
Where she sat brooding mischief, and where dwell

Malicious SATYR, Slander double tongued,
And all the horrid retinue of hell,
Came forth ; the Spectre with malignant joy
Breath'd on the nymph her pestilential breath,
And flash'd vindictive lightnings from her eye ;
As thus she spoke :
Vain thoughtless fool, forbear,
Nor think that he who has dispoil'd thy charms,
Will e'er again entreat thee to his arms,
Or make thee more his care.
No, e'en the infant thou art doom'd to bear,
He cannot guard from harms.

Whither soe'er the urchin flies,
Thither I'll go :
And those who shall his favour court,
Or his gay visits prize,
Nor joy nor peace shall know.
In vain he'll bid fresh laurels rise,
To grace his votary's brow ;

Where'er the hateful tree may grow,
I'll send a whirlwind through the skies,
To blast it ere its leaves expand.
Nor dew, nor show'r, shall fill its cup;
My chilling breath, my with'ring hand,
Shall dry its moisture up.

Pale stood the nymph; her tearful eyes she rais'd
To where, just sinking in his oozey bed
PHOEBUS withdrew his piercing light,
And veil'd his rays from mortal sight,
In many a gorgeous purple fold,
Edg'd round with crimson, mix'd with gold.
Oh power, she cried, by all ador'd and prais'd,
Whither! ah whither! is thy influence fled,
That this malignant fiend dares rear her head,
And with unhallow'd threats attempt to blight
Thy offspring's fame, and on his name
Her baleful poison shed?

Trembling she spoke, and shrunk from the dark glance
Shot from the grinning Fury's half clos'd eye,
While in the Harpy's train, she saw advance
FOLLY, in robes of variegated die,
Pointing the finger, lolling out the tongue,
Jingling her bells, presuming, bold, and rude;
And IGNORANCE, with vacant stare,
Laughing at what she never understood.

Appall'd, aghast, from her late glowing cheek
The crimson tide receding, wholly fled.
Vainly her pallid lips essay'd to speak;
The silken fringe dropp'd o'er her languid eyes,
Her snowy breast receiv'd her drooping head,
That breast which labour'd with convulsive sighs.

She fainted, fell; the dark and yawning earth
Receiv'd, and o'er her threw Oblivion's veil.

Folly was silent. At departed worth
Envy must cease to sneer, and Pride to rail.
But ere she sought eternal night,
A blooming Cherub saw the light;
And from the turf that pillow'd her fair head.
Every flower that's sweet or gay,
And paints the varied robe of May,
Up sprang, to decorate her offspring's bed.
Myrtle, with the musk-rose twin'd,
Scatter'd round his pillow lay,
Form'd a wreath his brows to bind,
Mingled with the sacred bay.
Pendent from o'er arching boughs
Woodbines waft their sweet perfume;
The amaranth's ne'er fading bloom,
With rich unchanging purple glows.
On the green-sward scatter'd round
Simple violets were found;
Vi'let, sweetest flower that blows,
Tho' not so gaudy as the rose,
You sweeter are.

The humble lily of the vale,
Like modest worth that shuns the light,
In verdant folds retir'd from sight,
Hid her pure virgin blossoms fair and frail,
Fragrant as fair.

The boy was lovely; in his form and face
Shone forth his mother's beauty, and her grace.
His eye could ecstacy inspire,
Beaming the radiance of his sire,
Emitting sparks of pure empyrean fire.
On his head gay Fancy's wings,
As round she flew, were left behind her;
And when in air the urchin springs,
Leading him on you'll always find her,
Weaving wreaths which, as she flies,
Catch bright etherial dies;
Yet tho' he has her wings, he can't o'ertake or bind her.

Water-nymphs, from pearly caves,
Strings of shells, and coral, brought,
Lav'd him in their chrystal waves,
Wrapp'd him in a web they'd wrought
Of lovers, wreck'd on distant coast.
Of constant nymphs, their names entombing
Deep in their hearts ; of heroes lost,
Lost for their country, and who bought,
By death, immortal wreaths, forever blooming.

The sacred Nine, from their celestial bowers,
Descended at the heav'nly cherub's birth ;
E'en rapid TIME check'd in their flight the hours,
To welcome him to earth.
And in return the sportive child,
Tho' charm'd to make the dotard stay,
When he was tedious, sweetly smil'd,
Or tun'd some strain, so soft, so wild,
As hurried him away.

Flashing from the burning east,
Usher'd in with smiles and tears,
In saffron robe, and ruby vest,
Radiant PHOEBUS now appears.
On his fierce coursers' necks he threw the reins,
And, Go, he cried; on this auspicious morn
Range at your pleasure through yon azure plains,
For on the earth, a brighter planet reigns;
GENIUS, my first, my darling son, is born.

Around his brows etherial fire,
Flam'd at the God's command,
Anew he strung his golden lyre,
And plac'd it in his hand.
He sung of love; to glory rais'd the strain:
Love trembled at the heart; but martial fire
Rush'd thro' each throbbing vein.

MARS and MINERVA both with joy
Resign'd their spear and shield;
APOLLO cried, Immortal boy
'Tis thou alone canst wield
The warlike weapon with effect,
Or in affairs of state direct.

But thou wilt find, child of my fondest love,
Tho' IGNORANCE and FOLLY are thy bane,
Yet to whatever clime thou shalt remove,
Those harpies still will follow in thy train;
And ENVY, too, with thongs shall arm the whip
Which SATYR throws around with cunning art,
Aiming at ev'ry inadvertent slip
A lash, to lacerate thy bleeding heart.
But heed them not, for thy superior worth
On eagle's wings shall rise;
And whilst they grovel on the earth,
Thou shalt ascend the skies.

When FANCY wings her airy round,
Keep virtue always near;
On her thy wildest flights have found
A rest uncheck'd by fear.

A few words beside! and, my son, ever mind them,
Love talent and merit, wherever your find them.
To no sex, to no station, no climate confin'd,
They ever will reign uncontroul'd in the mind.
Or set talents aside, if true merit is found,
Where the heart is untainted, and principles sound;
In whatever state you may safely approve it,
And whate'er its sex, you as safely may love it.
For wherever virtue and sense may combine,
They will silence the passions, repress and refine
Each grosser emotion till power is given,
To bear the strong sympathy even to heaven.
So pure the attachment, so fervent the love,
It may confident hope consummation above,

Where each thought stands reveal'd as it first was conceiv'd,
And MALICE shall blush at the tales she believ'd.

He spoke, and swift ascending,
Cut th' etherial way;
While clouds, with lightning blending,
Shot a pale doubtful ray;
GENIUS beheld him rise,
And eager would pursue,
But clouds enwrap'd the skies,
And shut him from his view.
Low on the earth bending, his hands rais'd in air,
To his parent ascending, he offer'd this prayer.

Oh thou, who from chaotick night
Shotst the first morning ray,
Who dartest intellectual light
And brightens mental day.

Thy beams to me, dread Sire, impart,
Elate my soul, dilate my heart;
And when thou comest bring with thee
Sweet sacred Sensibility.
And on thy pinions sporting light,
Or rapt by her in soft delight,
Still, gracious Power, let me find
A pure, a self approving mind.

The dark clouds parted, and a beam of light,
Almost too powerful for mortal sight,
Broke on the prostrate child;
And soft was heard a dulcet voice,
Enquire, Is VIRTUE then thy choice?
He bow'd his head and smil'd.

Then go, she cried, inspir'd by me,
Launch on ambition's stormy sea;

Or boldly for thy country's good,
Stem Faction's rude and boiling flood,
Then vainly Envy may oppose,
Rising superior to thy foes,
Thy hallow'd name can never die,
'Tis sacred to eternity.

ODE

TO SENSIBILITY.

HAIL, Sensibility! thou angel dear,
Who breath'st the sigh or drop'st the silent tear
At other's grief;
Who guid'st the generous liberal hand,
To give relief.
Without thee, say, what had we been?
Unfeeling brutes, who scarce deserve the name of men.
Come, fill my heart, and let it overflow,
Exult in other's joys—or bleed at other's woe.

See yon poor wretch with hunger starv'd,
Eager he eyes his precious grain of food;

What, tho' tis tainted, mouldy, dry or hard,
His famish'd appetite still thinks it good.
There was a pang shot through my very heart;
At thy command, my ready hand
Of my small portion hastes to give a part,
While from my eye th' unbidden tear will start,
That such keen mis'ry should afflict mankind.
Yet as I gently grieve,
I bless the hour, Benignant Pow'r,
That gave the means those sorrows to relieve.

How can the stoic think it bliss
To know no joy, to feel no woe;
Mine is a happier state than his,
Who both these passions know.
Whose pulse can beat to joy's light measure,
And dance the revel round of pleasure;
Or drop th' excruciating tear
O'er sacred friendship's hallow'd bier.

Sweet SENSIBILITY be mine,
And I'd not change my lowly cot,
Queen of the eastern world to shine,
And share the proudest monarch's lot.
What if thou hast a thousand darts?
I will not once repine.
Oh, might I be allowed to share
The raptures which thy smile imparts!
Empty thy quiver without fear,
Wring from my tortur'd heart its every tear,
If thinly scattered here and there
Thy sweetest joys are mine.

ODE,

ON THE BIRTH DAY OF

JOHN ADAMS, Esquire,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

1799.

WHEN great Alcides, Jove's immortal son,
Attain'd the dawn of manhood, life's spring tide,
Rushing impetuous through his agile frame,
Light bade his spirits dance, whilst health and joy
Crimson'd his cheek and revel'd in his eye ;
And yet restraint the youth had never known.

When Virtue from celestial abodes,
Where she had dwelt associate with the gods ;

In robes of pure simplicity array'd,
(For VIRTUE is so heavenly fair,
So soft her features, chaste her air,
She needs no borrow'd aid,)
To this terraqueous globe came down,
To try and prove the heart she wish'd to make her own ;—

Then VICE, deceitful, was by FOLLY drest,
And PLEASURE's fascinating mask she wore ;
Loose flow'd her hair, unclasp'd her vest,
And the capricious wanton stood confest.
In her left hand a golden cup she bore,
Whilst with her right the clustering grape she prest,
Which from the swollen brim ran laughing o'er.

At the same moment both approach'd the youth,
And each in turns solicited his love.
VIRTUE in modest accents, grac'd by truth,
Told him, she knew the way to fame ;

If he with her would climb the rugged steep,
And gain by warlike deeds a deathless name,
And with hard toil immortal laurels reap.
"Seek," she cried, "the path to glory,
"Pain and danger fly before ye;
"Haste, ALCIDES, nor delay,
"Virtue, honour points the way,
"Haste and joys celestial prove."

But VICE, in gay fantastic measure,
Lightly bounding o'er the earth,
Cried, "Follow me to joy and pleasure,
"Come to amaranthine bowers,
"Deck'd with never fading flowers;
"Where the cheek of beauty glows,
Where the sparkling nectar flows;
"Where you may dance, and sing, and play,
"And love, and laugh, your life away,
"'Tis all indeed that life is worth."

The youth, at VICE, a look contemptuous hurl'd ;
Wrenching a sturdy oak to serve as spear,
Cried, " VIRTUE, I'll follow thee throughout the world,
" Where thou shalt lead there is no cause for fear.
" Tho' lightnings gleam along the sky,
" Tho' thunders aweful roll,
" The God of virtue still is nigh ;
" Tho' earthquakes shake th' affrighted spheres ;
" Tho' pestilence with horrid glare,
" Stalk round our bed, infect the air ;
" To Thee, great power, the humble soul,
" Can lift with confidence the suppliant eye,
" And thou canst hush their fears.
" VIRTUE, I follow thee ; 'tis thou alone
" Canst point the way to heaven ;
" And to the God of virtue still,
" What'er betide, what'er is done,
" Whether my future fate be good or ill,
" To him be glory given."

VICE heard, appall'd, and from her face obscene,
Dropp'd the seductive mask ; her shape and mien
Of late so fascinating, shew'd to be
Itself—a lump of foul deformity.
Pale was her cheek, dejected was her eye,
Except when memory of past misdeeds,
Wak'd her to feeling and insanity ;
Then would it flash such fearfull glances round,
That VIRTUE pausing gaz'd in pity on her ;
Dropp'd a benignant tear, wish'd she could heal each wound,
And o'er her throw a veil to save her from dishonor.

" Blest was the choice he made," I eager cried,
As rapt I lay ; the volume by my side,
And mus'd on what I had read. It was the hour
" When church yards yawn," and fancy has the power,
To raise incongruous phantoms to our view,
And almost make us think her airy visions true.
" But where in these degenerate ages,
" Can we a mortal find,

Like this recorded by the sages;
Who, when vice tempts and passion rages,
With an unshaken mind,
Will boldly quit without a sigh,
Pleasure's enamel'd meads;
To mount the path, rugged and high,
Where virtue points, and honour leads?

"Peace," cried a voice, "ungrateful mortal, peace."
I rais'd my eyes, a vision stood beside me;
Fair as the tints of opening day,
Her eye was chaste as DIAN's ray,
Her smile so soft, I knew no evil could betide me.
A cæstus bound her lovely waist,
On which was INDEPENDENCE graven;
Bare were her arms, or only brac'd
By circlets, where these words I trac'd:
WE TRUST IN UNITY AND HEAVEN.

In her right hand she held a spear,
And from her left an iron chain depended,
By which, more bound by guilt and servile fear,
Hung lawless ANARCHY and SHAME,
AMBITION, who usurp'd a patriots name,
End ENVY slyly seeking to defame
The WARRIOR, by whose arm, her children were defended.

"And who art thou, bright vision?" I enquired;
"My name," she smiling cried, "is LIBERTY;"
"Oh nymph, by all beloved, by all desired,
"And art thou come," I cried, "to dwell with me?"
"No," said the goddess, "I am come to chide."
"Why dost thou wonder at ALCIDES' worth?
"Columbia boasts, and she may boast with pride,
"An equal hero's birth.
"The morn which dapples in the east,
"And makes all nature gay,
"Speaks what should be by all exprest;
"Let every face in smiles be drest,
"For 'tis his natal day.

"ALCIDES mighty feats has done,
"Wonders perform'd and conquests won;
"But ADAMS, greater far than he,
"Took rigid honour for his guide;
"Stern truth and virtue on his side;
"And soaring on superior worth,
"Trod base detraction to the earth;
"Firm to her cause,
"Enforc'd the laws,
"That made his country free.

"Then rise, and tune the vocal lay,
"Invoke the Muse's aid;
"Small is the tribute thou canst pay,
"Yet be that tribute paid,
"And thousands in that tribute will bear part,
"For all conspire to raise the festive lay,
"And as they joyful hail his natal day,
"Pour forth the offerings of a grateful heart."

THUNDER STORM.

WHEN the black clouds in curling columns rise,
And darken o'er the cheerful face of day;
When the wing'd tribe to seek for shelter flies,
And lowing herds forget to feed or play:
How dark how threat'ning now appears the cloud;
See the fork'd lightning flashing all around;
Hark now it burst in thunder hoarse and loud,
While mortals tremble at the awful sound.

See where the lightning rends the sturdy oak,
Around the wood the shattered atoms fly;
The savage herd astonished at the stroke,
Quick to their dens for shelter hie;
The boding raven e'en forgets to croak,
And nature seems in silent agony.

Now the poor wretch with guilt and fear oppress'd,
Gladly would fly the awful threat'ning scene ;
His misspent life now rankles in his breast,
Horror without, and guilt and fear within.
And while he views his guilty pleasures past,
He thinks perhaps this moment is his last,
Yet how unwilling, how unfit to go,
To give account of time abus'd below.

While he who knows no guilt, can feel no fear,
Calmly he thinks, if doom'd to yield his breath,
The hand of him who made him still is near,
To guide him through the icy vale of death.
His spotless soul no sign of terror shows ;
If nature shudders, 'tis because he knows
'Tis natures God that does the tempest form,
Speaks in the whirlwind, rides upon the storm.

At his command the thunders roll,
At his command the lightnings fly
From shore to shore, from pole to pole,
And every human art defy.
The strongest tower, touch'd by his power,
Will into crumbling ruins fall,
Whelming its owners, 'neath its ponderous wall.

Thou glorious, great, Omnipotent, to thee
Our comfort, peace, and even life we owe;
May we with grateful hearts, and bended knee,
Here dedicate our future lives to thee,
Whose mercies like a fountain ever flow.

Make us, great God, to love thee as we ought;
Oh let that love, through ev'ry action shine;
Oh let us not offend thee even in thought,
Or dare to irritate thy wrath divine.

Make us to place such confidence in thee,
That though thy thunders shook the tott'ring world ;
Though round us flaming elements we see,
And nature seems to swift destruction hurl'd ;

We may, tho' trembling at the awful sight,
To thee our souls in grateful praises give ;
Whose hand can waft us to that place of light,
Where none e'er die, but all forever live.

EULOGY

TO THE MEMORY OF

GEORGE WASHINGTON, Esquire.

WHERE the Patomac, with majestic wave,
Washes the borders of Virginia's shore;
Once the retreat of him most wise most brave,
Our sainted hero! now, alas, no more;—

Oft has my fancy took delight to stray,
Pensive, beneath the high cliff's craggy side;
List to the dashing of the foaming spray,
Or undulating murmurs of the tide.

There rapt, entranc'd, each anxious thought, each care,
And each corporeal sense would dormant lay ;
While visions, ever bright and ever fair,
In airy forms would round my temples play.

Keen winter's chilling blast is never felt,
While beatific scenes the fancy throng ;
The heart in Zembla's frozen clime will melt,
When FANCY leads the fetter'd soul along.

She comes ! she comes ! a stream of light,
Bursts on my aching wondering sight,
And a celestial band appears ;
Some bearing wreaths, with cypress twin'd,
Others with measur'd step and slow,
Drest in the sad habiliments of woe,
Whose brows funereal honours bind,
And others lingering far behind,

With veils that flutter in the wind,
Conceal the mournful face, and dry the gushing tears.

First came the social ARTS. A numerous band
Of little beings starting into life,
Follow'd, and rais'd the supplicating hand:
" Where is our kind protector, guardian, friend;
" Where is the man, who bade the arts increase;
" Who spoke, and hush'd a jarring world to peace;
" Whose frown repel'd the fiends, who bred domestic strife;
" Where is he now?" a deep convulsive sigh
Answer'd—" The HERO's in eternity."

Next came BELLONA on a flaming car,
Hoarse thunders echoed from each chariot wheel.
Her right hand held a torch which blaz'd afar,
And scattered desolation through the air:
A ponderous javelin of burnish'd steel
Her left sustain'd; her black dishevell'd hair

Stream'd wildly in the whirlwind, while her bare
And callous breast was scar'd with many a wound;
Her garments stain'd with floods of human gore,
Which, as she pass'd, drench'd the polluted ground.
Thousands of warriors follow'd close behind;
The brazen trump, shrill fife, and hollow drum,
Their martial clangour mingled with the wind;
Engines of death their horrid thunders pour'd,
And DEATH himself, amidst the legion, rode
Triumphant, calling "Come, ye warriors, come,
"Follow yon pow'r so courted, so adored;
"I lead ye on, 'tis I, prepare the road;
"Come then, nor once regret the world you leave behind."

WISDOM approach'd; in her benignant eye,
Whose vivid sapphire emulates the sky,
A tear was seen to start.
Across her breast a sable scarf she wore,
Which partly hid her shield; her spear no more
Was held erect; inclining to the earth,

It spoke the loss of some superior worth,
Sad emblem of the pangs which rent her heart.
And thus the Goddess spoke : " Yon lawless band,
" Who rush impetuous o'er a bleeding land,
" Steeping the widow's couch with tears,
" Filling the mother's breast with fears,
" Can be restrain'd ; and like th' impetuous waves
" Within due bounds confin'd ;
" Be taught to spurn the name of slaves ;
" Exert a free, an independent mind,
" Yet martial ardour go with wisdom hand in hand.
" There was a man who has this wonder done ;
" A man ! my much lamented darling son !
" Columbia's guardian genius—WASHINGTON !"
She spoke, and o'er her face her mantle spread,
Nor blush'd to weep—for WASHINGTON is dead.

Sweet POESY came next, and though a sigh
Burst from her throbbing breast, her frenzied eye

Was upward fix'd, and beam'd intelligence
Of visions that entranc'd her every sense ;
She paus'd, then eager tuned her dulcet lyre,
And " Grant," she cried, " God of eternal day !
Oh grant one beam of thy celestial fire,
Bright as the worth that does my song inspire,
So worthy be my lay.

Heroes have liv'd in days of old,
Magnanimous, intrepid, bold ;
Men, who undaunted have at all times stood,
And seal'd their country's safety with their blood.
And others, in the Senate, wise as great,
Reform'd the constitution of the state ;
Sacrificed peace of mind, property, health,
Counting their riches by their country's wealth ;
Turn'd from the paths with fame or honour strew'd,
Died poor and wretched for the public good.

These Heroes' deeds are told in every tongue,
And ancient poets gain'd immortal fame,
Because they have their godlike actions sung,
And on the same fair page enroll'd their name.

But all these mighty chiefs of days of old,
In wisdom, or in worth, were known to fail,
And vice steps in, when e'er their story's told,
With legends that will make the cheek turn pale.

HOMER, to sing the chiefs of Greece was thine;
Let the blue concave with thy praises ring,
I envy not—a nobler theme is mine;
'Tis of the matchless WASHINGTON I sing.

While Plenty decks Columbia's plains,
Where'er the voice of Fame is heard,

While love of Liberty remains,
WASHINGTON's name shall be rever'd.

With deathless laurels were his temples bound;
Through his whole life no blemish could be found;
From stern integrity he never swerv'd;
He honour'd openly the God he serv'd;
To us who mourn he has example given,
And made more bright the path which leads to heaven."

She paus'd, she ceas'd; her magic lyre, unstrung,
Across her shoulders pensively she hung;
While music wild, enthusiastic, fair,
Breath'd a pathetic soul-enchanting air,
In strains the Hero had not blush'd to hear,
Usher'd and ended by a grateful tear.

Sculpture and Painting, wrapt in silent grief,
Held the resemblance of the sainted chief;
The following muses bore a marble urn,
Sacred to him whose loss e'en millions mourn.

But now three virgins greet my eyes,
By whom each sorrow is subdu'd;
The first bright fav'rite of the skies
Was GRATITUDE.

PEACE, her benignant olive branch display'd,
While COMMERCE pour'd her golden treasures round;
When GRATITUDE, pure, unaffected maid,
Spoke, and the world was silent at the sound.
For even savages, untaught and rude,
Will listen to the voice of GRATITUDE.

" Lamenting mortals, cease this useless grief,
" Nor longer mourn the great, the godlike Chief;
" *Let this reflection dry a nation's tears,
" He died as ripe in glory as in years;
" And tho the loss of WASHINGTON is great,
" ADAMS remains to guide the helm of state;
" And would you prove the hero's memory dear,
" Learn his last parting precepts to revere.
" My friends, my fellow-citizens, said He,
" Be still unanimous, be great and free;
" For know, a state may soon be rendered weak
" By foreign faction or by private pique;
" Let not corruption e'er your judgment blind;
" Preserve with care an independent mind;

* The following sixteen lines were quoted from this Poem in manuscript, by Dr. BARTLETT, of *Charlestown*, in his Oration on the death of WASHINGTON.

" Support, revere the laws ; believe me, friends,
" Your all on unanimity depends.
" By faction, all would be to chaos hurl'd ;
" Be but united, and defy the world."

As thus she spoke, a sweetly solemn strain
Stole on the ear, and from th' extended plain
This chorus rose : " Columbians, see
The man who made you great and free,
Translated to his native sky ;
Of mortal excellence he reach'd the height,
And dying, left a fame so pure, so bright,
It never can be sullied, never die."

HYMN TO THE DEITY.

ALPHA OMEGA, first and last,
Creative spirit, power supreme,
Whose hand directs the stormy blast,
Or gilds the mornings orient beam;

Who spoke, and from chaotic night
Unnumber'd worlds and systems rose;
Whose word is life—whose presence, light—
Whose smiles are health, content, repose;

Where dost thou dwell? Thy throne, how high?
Where hast thou fix'd thy dwelling place;
Can finite wishes ever fly
E'en to the footstool of thy grace?

Oh ! could I now ascend, and stand
Upon the zenith of the globe,
And mark how round on either hand
The heavens enwrap it like a robe !

How orbs of pure empyrean light
Around the wondrous system roll ;
Revolving seasons, day and night,
Visit each land from pole to pole !

View the vast stores of hail and snow,
The region of the air contains ;
Trace whence the genial breezes blow,
Or whence descend refreshing rains !

Could I ascend the orb of light,
That great, that wondrous type of Thee,

And, at one wide extended sight,
Th' unbounded universe could see ;

Where should I find Thee ? Still above,
Bright clouds thy majesty enshrine,
Emitting rays of joy and love,
Of joys eternal, love divine.

Where should I find thee ? need I ask ?
Is there a shrub, a plant, a flower,
But makes its daily, hourly task,
To speak thy presence, and thy power ?

E'en now, when silence reigns around,
E'en in this solemn hour of night,
Thy voice is heard ; and thou art found
In all thy works, reveal'd to sight.

Ten thousand insects chant thy praise;
Ten thousand worlds thy power declare;
None from thine eye can hide his ways,
For Thou art present every where.

Then teach the atom thou hast made
To trust and hope thy mercy still;
To fear thy wrath, to seek thy aid,
To love thy laws, and do thy will.

TO SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

SOFT sleep the moon-beams on the stream;
Light breathes the zephyr through each tree;
Sweet chirps the cricket; all things seem
Attuned to SOLITUDE and me.

Oh! soul-reviving SOLITUDE!
Only by active minds enjoy'd;
Fled by the ignorant and rude,
And by unfeeling mirth destroy'd!

Oh! let me, in the ev'ning shade,
Stray where the solemn night-bird flits;

And where, in sober weeds array'd,
Eagle-ey'd Contemplation sits.

Let her my soaring spirit bear
To the etherial realms above,
To mix with kindred spirits there,
And join their strains of peace and love.

There, friendship, which on earth was pure,
Shall be with double force renew'd;
There, from malignant fiends secure,
'Twill be no crime to love the good.

Few are the moments I can spare,
Mild SOLITUDE, to pass with thee;
Yet few and scanty as they are,
How dear those moments are to me!

Now night her dusky wing has spread,
And half the world is wrapp'd in sleep;
Still as the mansions of the dead,
E'en mis'ry's self forgets to weep.

This hour 's my own, I need not fear
Thou wilt my secret soul betray:
Thy sombre veil conceals the tear,
Which dreads the glaring eye of day.

To thee, my tortur'd soul can own
Its faults, and sue to be forgiv'n;
Kneeling before the awful throne
Of the all-righteous God of heav'n.

God! great as good! and wise as just!
To thee each secret stands reveal'd;

Thou art my hope, in thee I trust,
From thee my heart is not conceal'd.

Oh, shed on my perturbed breast
Thy peace! and grant, forgot by all,
When death shall wrap my soul in rest,
Oblivion's shade may o'er me fall.

CONJECTURE.

RELEAS'D from its prison of clay,
Where shall the freed soul find its rest?
Will it soar to the regions of day,
With spirits immortal and blest?

Will it hasten through vast fields of air,
On some distant planet to dwell?
Or to the drear mansions repair,
Of angels who murmured and fell?

While the body shall moulder in earth,
Ah! where shall the spirit reside,
Till the archangel summon it forth,
At the last awful bar to be tried?

Perhaps, when releas'd from all woe,
The body from earth is removed,
The soul may still linger below,
Round those it most tenderly loved.

Perhaps, in reward for its truth,
Kind Heaven may grant it the power
The mind's bitter anguish to sooth,
To soften affliction's sad hour.

Perhaps, as a punishment due
For wilful, repeated misdeeds,
'Tis condemn'd ev'ry moment to view
The mis'ry which surely succeeds;

See the heart, which its crimes caus'd to bleed,
Still wrung with incurable grief;

Repent, when too late to recede ;
Feel remorse without hope of relief.

Oh ! might I one prayer prefer,
And that pray'r be not impious deem'd ;
May my spirit, when freed, have the care
Of those I in life most esteem'd ;

In health, hover over their head,
And each threaten'd evil restrain ;
In sickness, to watch round their bed,
And mitigate every pain ;

In the agonized moment of death,
Oh ! then to my charge be it given,
To comfort with hope, watch the last fleeting breath,
Catch, and bear the lov'd spirit to heaven.

STORMY EVENING.

THE skies a sombre shade assume,
While the chill north-eastern breeze
Serves to heighten ev'ning's gloom,
Howling through the leafless trees.

Nature wears her robe of white;
Vesper glimmers in the west;
Not one gem has sable night
To grace her brow, or clasp her vest.

Hark! the tempest, loud descending,
Beats against the brittle pane;
In its drifting torrents blending
Fleecy snow, and drenching rain.

Now, to banish spleen and vapours,
Bid the fire cheerful blaze ;
Bring your book ; and let the tapers
Shed around their friendly rays.

Ope the volume, turn the pages,
Read, and muse, and chat by turns,
How ambition lawless rages,
How the patriot's bosom burns.

Learn from MILTON, bard inspir'd,
How, e'en angels could rebel ;
From HOMER, how, by Grecians fir'd,
Ilium's lofty towers fell.

Now the trav'ller, faint and weary,
Often sighing as he goes,

O'er heaths, through forests, dark and dreary,
Beats against the drifting snows.

Ears, and cheeks, and fingers tingle,
Tortur'd by the piercing frost ;
Scarce he hears his sleigh bells jingle,
Now alas ! the track is lost.

Numbing cold each sense invading,
Checks his pulse, and seals his eyes ;
No kind hand the suff'rer aiding,
Buried in the drift, he dies.

Fancy ! whither art thou leading ?
Stay ! the scene's too painful grown ;
I see those friends whose hearts are bleeding,
When the trav'ller's fate is known.

By Him, who has the storm directed,
May each trav'ller, doom'd to roam,
Be through this drear night protected,
And conducted safely home.

Then, no more the storm regretting,
Fond delight his soul inspire ;
Wind, and snow, and cold forgetting,
Chatting round the social fire.

MARIA.

NOT A FICTION.

DAUGHTERS of vanity, attend;
Ye sons of riot, hear
The lovely, lost MARIA's end,
And drop a silent tear.

List to the solemn passing bell,
On the dead silence fall,
In awful notes that seem to tell,
This is the end of all.

MARIA once was young and gay,
In beauty's bloom and pride;

Sweet as the fragrant breath of May,
And innocent beside.

Her form was faultless, and her mind,
Untainted yet by art,
Was noble, just, humane and kind,
And virtue warm'd her heart.

But ah, the cruel spoiler came,
Admir'd her charms and youth:
He feign'd to feel love's pow'rful flame,
And vow'd eternal truth.

Free from disguise herself, she thought
Her lover as sincere;
To hide her tenderness ne'er sought,
But told it without fear.

She said she lov'd, one fatal hour ;
The villain, pleas'd to find
The lovely creature in his power,
Poison'd her artless mind.

He talk'd of bonds by nature made,
The dearest of all ties ;
The heedless girl, by love betray'd,
Believ'd his specious lies.

Her honour gone, reduc'd to shame,
He leaves the ruin'd fair :
Unmanly boaster—blasts her fame,
And laughs at her despair.

Her father hear'd the horrid tale ;
Anger inflam'd his breast ;

Repentant pray'rs would nought avail ;
All nature was suppress'd.

In vain with tears she bath'd his feet,
And vow'd to err no more :
He said her home should be the street,
And thrust her from his door.

Her sex her miseries insult ;
Contempt she meets from all ;
Some boast their virtue, and exult
In poor MARIA's fall.

Wretched, forsaken, and undone ;
No friend to take her part,
To teach her future crimes to shun,
Or sooth her aching heart ;

At first, oh! horrible to name!
She's infamous for bread,
Till, lost to every sense of shame,
She meets it without dread.

Awhile in FOLLY's giddy maze,
Thoughtless, her time she spends;
While pleasure seems to wait her days,
And joy each step attends.

But vice soon robb'd her lovely face
Of all its wonted bloom,
While black remorse and pale disease
Her tender frame consume.

That bloom she now supplies by art,
And cheerfulness she feigns;

But still her lacerated heart
Feels agonizing pains.

Cold blew the wind; descending snow
Clad nature all in white;
MARIA, now the child of woe,
Brav'd the tempestuous night.

Passing her vile betrayer's door,
The sight past scenes recalls:
With tears her languid eyes run o'er;
Low on the ground she falls.

"And must these steps," she weeping cried,
"Support my aching head?
Oh! would to Heav'n that I had died,
Ere innocence was fled.

And thou, false man, whose specious lies
My easy heart did gain;
Come, see the lost MARIA dies,
Through famine, grief and pain.

Oh come, and take my parting sigh,
And hear me vow to Heaven,
As I forgive thee, so may I,
Hereafter be forgiven.

But oh, my father! nature sure
Might plead within thy breast;
Why didst thou thrust me from thy door?
Why leave me when distress'd?

Hadst thou but pardon'd my first fault,
Hadst thou but been my friend,

I'd ne'er through grief and shame been brought,
To this untimely end.

Or had some gen'rous woman strove,
A fallen wretch to raise,
I now, with gratitude and love,
Had liv'd to speak her praise."

A poor man passing, heard her mourn,
But little was his store ;
He thought, to share it, in return
Just Heav'n would give him more.

He gently rais'd her on her feet,
And led her to his home ;
A poor straw bed, and matted seat,
Were all that grac'd the room.

Some milk with hand humane he brought,
And cheer'd the dying fair;
With pious pray'rs to sooth her sought,
And chac'd away despair.

Bless! bless him, Heav'n! for what he's done!
For I've no power, she cried:
The accent falter'd on her tongue;
She grasp'd his hand, and died.

AFFECTION.

TOUCH'D by the magic hand of those we love,
A trifle will of consequence appear;
A flow'r, a blade of grass, a pin, a glove,
A scrap of paper will become most dear.

And is that being happy, whose cold heart
Feels not, nor comprehends this sourse of joy?
To whom a trifle can no bliss impart,
Who throw them careless by, deface, destroy?

Yes, they are happy; if the insensate rocks
Which the rude ocean beats, or softly laves,
Rejoice that are mov'd not by the shocks,
Which hurl full many to untimely graves.

Yes, they are happy; if the polish'd gem,
On which the sun in varied colours plays,
Rejoices that its lustre comes from him,
And glows delighted to reflect his rays.

Not else.—Though hearts so exquisitely form'd,
Feel misery a thousand different ways;
Yet when by love or friendship's power warm'd,
One look, whole days of misery repays.

One look, one word, one kind endearing smile,
Can from the mind each painful image blot:
The voice we love to hear can pain beguile,
List'ning the world beside is all forgot.

Tho' sharp the pang which friendship slighted gives,
Tho' to the eye a tear may force its way:

The cause remov'd when hope again revives,
Light beats the heart, and cheerful smiles the day.

True, when we're forc'd to part from those we love,
'Tis like the pang when soul and body's riven;
But when we meet, the spirit soars above,
And tastes the exquisite delights of heaven.

Mine be the feeling heart: for who would fear
To pass the dreary vale of death's abode,
If certain, at the end, they should be near
And feel the smile of a benignant God?

TO TIME.

OLD TIME, thou'rt a sluggard; how long dost thou stay;
Say, where are the wings, with which poets adorn thee?
Sure 'twas some happy being, who ne'er was away
From the friend he most lov'd, and who wish'd to have shorn thee,
First drew thee with pinions; for had he e'er known
A long separation, so slow dost thou move,
He'd have pictured thee lame, and with fetters bound down;
So tedious is absence to friendship and love.

I am sure thou'rt a cheat, for I often have woo'd thee
To tarry, when blest with the friend of my heart:
But you vanish'd with speed, tho' I eager pursued thee,
Entreating thee not in such haste to depart.

Then, wretch, thou wast deaf, nor wouldst hear my petition,
But borrowed the wings of a sparrow or dove;
And now, when I wish thee to take thy dismission
Till those hours shall return, thou refusest to move.

TO A MOTH,

THAT ONE EVENING, EARLY IN THE SPRING, FLEW IN AT THE WINDOW, AND PLAY'D ROUND THE CANDLE.

LITTLE flutt'ring, fragile being,
Lively harbinger of spring,
Welcome to my humble dwelling,
Welcome is the news you bring.

You say, the wintry season's over,
Chilling storm and biting frost;
That the fields will soon recover
All the verdure they had lost.

Ah! beware, gay little stranger;
Go not near yon dazzling light;

Why, unconcious of thy danger,
Round it dost thou wing thy flight?

By its splendour fascinated,
Nearer, and nearer wilt thou fly?
Ah! poor fool, I see thou'rt fated
In th' alluring flame to die.

So, by merit oft attracted,
The heart susceptible admires;
Basks in the pow'rful rays refracted—
In the subtile flame expires;

Too late acquainted with its danger,
Fain would the fascination fly;
But ah! like thee, poor little stranger,
'Tis doom'd to flutter, yield, and die.

THE ROSES OF LIFE.

WHY should we complain of this life's dreary road,
Or the thorns and the thistles that in our path lay?
Has not Heaven a portion of reason bestow'd,
To pass them o'er lightly, or brush them away?
I'll gather life's roses wherever I find them,
And smile at their folly who dread to come near;
Who cast all its joys and its pleasures behind them,
Nor pluck the sweet buds, lest the thorn should appear.

There are sorrows and cares in this life, 'tis well known;
The heart may weep blood, though the cheek may be dry;
But in soothing another's, we lighten our own,
And light falls the tear that fills Sympathy's eye.

Dear SYMPATHY! thou art the rose without thorns;
Dwell still in my bosom, each care to beguile:
Thy softness the cheerful face ever adorns,
And throws o'er the sad one, a meek patient smile.

Grim POVERTY, too, is a thorn in our way—
Ah no! for meek INDUSTRY stands by his side;
With cheerful spring flowers she makes the path gay,
And smiles at the frowns and repinings of pride.
Come, strew round thy violets sweetly narcotic;
So calm and refreshing the rest they bestow,
The monarch supreme, or the tyrant despotic,
Such rest can ne'er take, nor such slumbers can know.

And see the gay wreath with which Heaven has bound us,
Society, friendship, and chaste mutual love;
Snatch, snatch the gay flowers! the storm gathers round us;
The roses will fade, and their fragrance remove.

Then bend, humbly bend to the storm as it passes ;
Tho' sharp be the thorn that remains on the spray,
Friendship's blossom ne'er fades, and its perfume surpasses
The light summer flowers, which flitted away.

EVENING.

MILD EVENING, on whose dove-like, downy wing,
The wanton Zephyrs sport, and as they fling
Their soft refreshing dews o'er hill and dale,
Ten thousand sweets are wafted by the gale—
Thee I invoke, sweet, solemn virgin, thee,
To take thy silver lamp, and stray with me
To yonder hill, half hid beneath the wood,
Where I may listen to th' impetuous flood,
Which, rushing from the cliff's rude craggy side,
Softer and softer flows in sullen pride;
Till through the mead its bright meanders stray,
And its weak murmurs gently die away.
There, as my feet the flow'ry margin press,
Thou, Nymph, in thy most fascinating dress,

n azure robe ascend thy studded car,
And on thy forehead thy pale crescent bear:
Nor let light FOLLY, noisy, pert and rude,
Upon the peaceful solitude intrude;
But to my wish be some companion sent,
Who knows to make e'en silence eloquent;
Who feels thy charms expand the glowing heart,
And in few words, those feelings can impart;
In simplest language, be each thought exprest
In part, whilst looks of rapture speak the rest.
And whilst on contemplation's wing we rise
To range the wondrous concave of the skies,
Mark how the planetary systems roll,
And trace Creative Power from pole to pole;
Then may mild wisdom, from the lips I love,
Assist, direct, encourage, and improve
My weaker judgment; but my soul aspire;
Teach me to comprehend, adore, admire;
Thus strewing flow'rs along life's dreary road,
We'd trace the path that leads us to our God.

Ah! whither, whither would my fancy stray?
Behold th' enchanting vision fleets away!
A lonely, dreary waste is all I see;
A lonely prospect but remains for me:
Yet here and there adorn'd with evergreen,
Some simple, fair, and fragrant flowers are seen.
Then let me not ungrateful pass them by,
Though they boast not the rich carnation's die;
Nor do their modest leaves or forms disclose
The grace and perfume of the blushing rose;
Yet e'en in these, the humble heart may find
And draw a balm to heal the wounded mind.

TO HYGEIA.

NYMPH, who at the earliest dawn
Bucklest blythe thy buskins on;
Who hang'st upon the milkmaid's pail,
The mower's scythe, the thresher's flail;
Who lov'st thy votaries to lead
O'er misty hill, through dewy mead,
Ere yet AURORA'S saffron vest
Throws a light blush along the east;
Whose ruddy cheek, and laughing eye,
Mak'st all around thee sing with joy;
That from the cottage to the throne
We court thy smile, and fear thy frown—
Thee I invoke! HYGEIA, thee!
Where'er thou wand'rest, blythe and free,
Hither in haste thy steps direct,
Each salutary plant collect,

And scatter them around the bed,
Where BERNA rests her aching head.
Each cooling herb, that may restrain
The fever boiling in each vein ;
Thy poppies bring, her eyelids steep,
And seal them in refreshing sleep.
Oh Nymph ! wherever thou may'st dwell,
On mountain's brow, in grot or cell,
Propitious hear thy suppliant's pray'r ;
Let BERNA's safety be thy care ;
Repel, alleviate every pain,
And make her all thy own again.

So when fair FLORA, queen of flow'rs,
Comes leading on May's rosy hours,
Each cheek that decorates her train,
I'll pluck to grace thy sacred fane.
An altar to thy name I'll raise ;
The grateful muse shall hymn thy praise :
Yes, ever grateful will I be,
Though thou should'st take thy flight from me.

THE STANDARD OF LIBERTY.

In former times, by ancient bards we're told,
Greece, hurried by revenge, with power grown bold,
Invested Troy's fam'd city, and at length,
By art, not force of arms, subdued its strength.
The guards, by fraud deceived, betray'd their trust,
And Troy's proud tow'rs were level'd with the dust.
At midnight, a tremendous fire began,
And through the city as it furious ran,
A warlike youth, for deeds of glory fam'd,
Nor less for filial love, Æneas nam'd,
Flew to his father's tent, "Haste! haste!" he cries
"The city is surpris'd; dear father, rise."
Then rushing in with eager haste, he bore
His aged father forth, and sought a distant shore.
Jove, from Olympus' height, with joy survey'd
The pious act, and thus benignant said:

" Ye Nymphs and Tritons, who delighted sweep
With beauteous limbs the surface of the deep,
Be it your care ÆNEAS be not lost;
Conduct him safe to the Italian coast;
There shall he wed the daughter of a king,
And from their loves a mighty race shall spring
Of warlike heroes, who aloft shall bear
My glorious standard through the fields of air."
Then from his hand majestic forth he threw
The glittering eagle; swift as thought he flew
To guard ÆNEAS' race, repel his foes,
Till from his sons a mighty nation rose.
The eagle grac'd the standard they unfurl'd,
And Rome became the mistress of the world.
Long, long she bore the universal sway;
The world with pleasure listened to obey
Whate'er were her commands; but to relate
What sudden, sad, what strange reverse of fate
Shrouded her glory—luxury and pride,
With avarice, and every vice beside,

Sapp'd her wise laws, unnerv'd her soldiers' pow'r,
And Rome's vast empire fell, to rise no more.

By vice and folly thus expell'd from Rome,
The warlike eagle sought another home,
In mazy circles round th' ethereal plain,
Unfix'd, uncertain where to 'light again.
JOVE's martial bird majestically flew,
Till thy fair shades, COLUMBIA, met his view;
On the new rising world he fix'd his eye,
And hover'd o'er it with exulting joy.
JOVE saw with pleasure, and his will exprest,
"Go, in COLUMBIA's shades take up thy rest,
For there, from lowly cot and moss grown cell,
My fav'rite daughter freedom, goes to dwell.
Science, with laurell'd brow, shall grace her court,
Thither the arts and muses shall resort,
Thither the brave and worthy shall repair;
And thou shalt grace the standard they shall bear,

Nor fear thou e'er shalt be expell'd again:
Columbia's Standard ne'er shall know a stain.

As thus the Thund'rer spoke, the realms above
Re-echoed with the strains of peace and love:
Long may Columbia flourish, was the strain,
Long may her glorious Independence reign;
By Heaven protected, may her children prove
The sweets of peace and pure domestic love.

The music ceas'd, the Standard glorious rose;
A youthful band the heavenly pledge enclose
To guard it, and repel invading foes;
When LIBERTY in robes transcendant bright,
Her head encircled with a crown of light,
Thus with a smile the warlike legion owns,
"COLUMBIA is my home, HER WARRIORS are my SONS."

RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

WHILE Patriots on wide philosophic plan,
Declaim upon the wondrous rights of man,
May I presume to speak? and though uncommon,
Stand forth the champion of the rights of woman?
Nay, start not, gentle sirs; indeed, 'tis true,
Poor woman has her rights as well as you;
And if she's wise, she will assert them too.
If you'll have patience, and your wrath forbear,
In a few words I'll tell you what they are.

You know when man in Paradise was plac'd,
(Blest garden with eternal verdure grac'd,)
In vain for real happiness he tried,
Till Heaven in compassion, from his side

Taking a rib, fair EVE in all her beauty
Appear'd, to ADAM, proffering her duty ;
In terms so gentle, sweet, and void of art,
That ere he thought on't, ADAM lost his heart.
Now pray don't think I mean to take EVE's part;
No, she'd no right—'twas acting very wrong,
To listen to the serpent's flattering tongue.
And from her fate her daughters ever claim
A right to be tenacious of their fame ;
Knowing how easy she was led aside,
We claim a right to call up all our pride ;
Discretion, honour, sense, to our assistance,
And keep each flattering coxcomb at a distance.

Then we assert our right ; for 'tis our pride
In all domestic matters to preside ;
And on the mystery of raising pies,
Compounding stews and soups, philosophize ;
Study the vine, the bush, or bramble's fruit,
Into transparent jellies to transmute ;

Whip the light sillabub, all froth and show,
White, sweet, and harmless, like a modern beau.

Are fathers, brothers, friends, oppress'd with care—
We claim a right in every grief to share;
Shed balm upon their pillow of repose,
And strip of thorns life's quickly fading rose;
Augmenting to the utmost of our power,
The pleasures of the gay or tranquil hour.
While man abroad for happiness may roam,
'Tis ours to make a paradise at home.

Our known exclusive privilege of beauty,
You all allow—and next in filial duty,
Pre-eminent we stand.—The Grecian Dame,
Who daily to her father's prison came;
And while maternal fondness wrung her heart,
Forsook the mother's for the daughter's part:

The fair Virginia who would not withstand,
The stroke of death from a lov'd father's hand;
But meekly yielded, lest the next sad hour
Should give her to the vile DECEMVIR's pow'r:
The gentle RUTH, whose heart, by friendship tied,
Refus'd to leave forlorn NAOMI's side;
Boldly asserted, and her right approv'd,
To serve the mother of the man she lov'd.
As 'tis our right, oh, be it still our praise,
To gild the eve of our dear parents' days;
Smooth the drear slope that leads to man's last doom,
And decorate with grateful love their tomb.

Next 'tis our right, to watch the sick man's bed,
Bathe the swoln limb, or bind the aching head;
Present each nauseous draught with tenderness,
And hide the anxious tear, we can't repress;
On tiptoe glide around the darken'd room,
And strive by smiles to dissipate its gloom;

Cheer, comfort, help them patient to endure,
And mitigate the ills we cannot cure.

We claim undoubted right, the tear to dry,
Which gushes from Affliction's languid eye;
The widow's heart to cheer, her wrongs redress,
And be the mother of the parentless;
Snatch them from vice, or poverty's abode,
And consecrate their orphan lives to God.
Not by immuring them in gloomy cells,
Where palsied fear or superstition dwells;
But teaching them the duties of their station,
Guarding their artless minds against temptation,
And lead them to become, through industry,
Good, useful members of society.

These are our rights—these rights, who dares dispute
Let him speak now.—No answer—what—all mute?

But soft, methinks some discontented fair
Cries—" These are duties, Miss."—Agreed, they are;
But know you not that woman's proper sphere
Is the domestic walk? To interfere
With politics, divinity, or law,
As much deserved ridicule would draw
On woman, as the learned, grave divine,
Cooking the soup on which he means to dine;
Or formal judge, the winders at his knee,
Preparing silk to work embroidery.

Domestic duty—oh how blest are we!
All women are not so—for we are free,
Those duties to perform in every station;
While the poor women of the eastern nation,
Shut from society—hard, hard their case is,
Forbid to walk abroad, or show their faces;
From every care, from thought, and duty free,
Live lives of listless inactivity.

Live, do I say ? No, I'm mistaken there ;
'Tis vegetating like the gay paterre,
Where tulips, roses, pinks, allure the eye,
Expand their leaves, to be admir'd, and die.

While skill'd thus to improve life's active powers,
How great, how blest a privilege is ours !
While laudably employ'd, all men respect us :
Oppress'd, we've fathers, brothers to protect us ;
And are we orphans ? orphans never crave,
In vain, protection from the good and brave.
Then ever let it be our pride, ye fair,
To merit their protection, love, and care ;
With useful knowledge be our heads well stor'd,
While in our hearts we every virtue hoard.
These rights we may assert, and tho' thought common,
These, and these only, are the RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

WOMEN AS THEY ARE.

" CHILDREN, like tender osiers, take the bow,
And as they first are fashioned, always grow."

Thus spoke the bard ; and 'tis a moral truth,
That precept and example, taught in youth,
Dwell on the mind till life's dull scene is past ;
Clinging about us even to the last.
And women, pray for folly don't upbraid them,
Are just such things, as education made them.

The girl, who from her birth is thought a beauty,
Scarce ever hears of virtue, sense or duty ;
Mamma, delighted with each limb and feature,
Declares, she is a fascinating creature ;

Forbids all study, work, or wise reflection ;
'Twill spoil her eyes, or injure her complexion.
" Hold up your head, my dear ; turn out your toes ;
Bless me, whats that ? a pimple on your nose ;
It smarts, dear, don't it ? how can you endure it?
Here's some *Pomade divine*, to heal and cure it."
Then, every little master, that comes near her,
Is taught to court, to flatter, or to fear her.
Nurse or Mamma cries, " See, my dearest life,
There's Charley, you shall be his little wife ;
Smile my sweet creature ; Charley, come and kiss her,
And tell me, is she not a pretty miss, sir ?
Give her that orange ; fruit, fine clothes, and toys,
Were made for little ladies, not for boys."

Thus, ere one proper wish her heart can move,
She's taught to think of lovers, and of love ;
She's told she is a beauty, does not doubt it ;
What need of sense ? beauties can wed without it.

And then her eyes, her teeth, her lips, her hair,
And shape, are all that can be worth her care;
She thinks a kneeling world should bow before her,
And men were but created to adore her.
But call her to the active scenes of life,
As friend, as daughter, mother, mistress, wife;
You scarce can find, in the whole course of nature,
A more unfortunate or helpless creature.
Untaught the smallest duty of her station,
She stands, a cypher in the vast creation.
Her husband might perhaps expect to find
The angel's form contain'd an angel's mind.
Alas, poor man! time will the veil remove;
She *had* no fault. No! you were blind with love;
You flatter'd, idolized, made her your wife;
She thought these halcyon days would last for life.
At every small neglect, from her bright eyes
The lightning flashes; then she pouts and cries;
When th' angel sinks, I fear, alas, in common,
Into a downwright captious, teazing woman;

And if a reasonable friend was sought,
To counsel, sooth, or share each anxious thought,
Poor man! your disappointment I lament;
You've a long life before you—to repent.

"Dear," cries mamma, whose only merit lies
In making puddings, good preserves, and pies;
Who rises with Aurora, blythe and cheery,
Feeds pigs and poultry, overlooks her dairy,
Brews her own beer, makes her own household linen,
And scolds her girls, to make them mind their spinning—
"Dear, surely Tom was blind; what could he see,
To think of marrying such a thing as she?
She was a beauty; what is beauty? pshaw!
I never knew a *beauty* worth a straw.
She's so eat up with pride, conceit, and folly,
I vow she knows no more than little Molly,
Whether a pig were better roast or boil'd;
I warrant many a dinner will be spoil'd.

But I'll take care, whoever weds my daughter
Shall find a different lesson, I have taught her.
My Bett's fifteen next May; I'd lay a crown,
She'd cook a dinner with the best in town;
To roast, or boil, make pudding, pye or jelly,
There's not her equal far or near, I tell ye.
Then at her needle, making, mending, darning,
What is there else that's worth a woman's *larning?*
With my good will, a girl should never look
In any but a pray'r or cook'ry book:
Reading 'bout kings, and states, and foreign nations,
Will only fill their heads with proclamations."
If of these documents a girl's observant,
What is she fit for, but an upper servant?

Behold Miss TASTY every nymph excel,
A fine, accomplished, fashionable belle.
Plac'd at the harpsichord, see with what ease
Her snowy fingers run along the keys;

Now quite in alt, to th' highest notes she'll go;
Now running down the bass, she falls as low;
Flats, sharps, and naturals, together jumbled,
She laughs to think how little folks are humbled.
While some pretending coxcomb sighing, says,
So loud that she may hear, "Heavens, how she plays."
Then she speaks French. *Comment vouz portez vouz?*
Ma chere amie! ma vie! oh ciel! mon dieu!
And dances—sink, chasse, and rigadoon,
Or hops along, unheeding time or tune,
As fashion may direct. Laughs loud, and talks,
And with a more than manly swagger, walks,
Swinging her arms with an undaunted air;
And should occasion serve, perhaps she'll swear.
Beckon's some chattering ape across the room,
And call him, *dev'lish wretch*, should he presume
To tap her cheek, or neck; while 'tis her aim,
To tempt some other fop to do the same;
Sinks to a level with each frothy fool,
And turns the man of sense to ridicule.

How wretched, how deplorable his fate,
Who gets this fluttering insect for a mate.
If he has sense, tho' love might blind his eyes,
He'll find his sight too late; loath and despise;
And being bound for life, past help! past hope!
Wish for a poniard, pistol, or a rope.

"Ah! wo is me," poor LINDAMIRA cries,
The drop pellucid trembling in her eyes;
"Ah! wo is me, I see where'er I turn
Some folly to lament, some wo to mourn."
"Yes," cries mamma, "my lovely girl, I see,
You caught your sensibility from me;
I ne'er could read a fine wrought scene of wo,
But that my sighs would heave, my tears would flow;
And my sweet child does credit to her breeding,
Admires sentiments, and doats on reading."

Poor LINDAMIRA, deep in novels read,
When married, keeps the path she was taught to tread ;
And while the novel's page she's eager turning,
The pot boils over, and the meat is burning ;
And while she is weeping o'er ideal woes,
Her poor neglected little infant goes
With uncomb'd hair, torn frock, and naked toes.
Her husband disappointed, quits his home,
At clubs to loiter, or with bucks to roam ;
While LINDAMIRA still the tale pursues,
And in each heroine, her own sorrow views.

See fair ROXANA ; mark with what a grace
She moves, all heaven reflected in her face ;
She lifts her beauteous eyes, she smiles and speaks ;
The laughing loves sits on her dimpled cheeks.
That is the face she wears on holydays ;
At home, on those she dares, the nymph repays
Herself for this restraint. Not the smooth waves,
That undulating soft, the meadows lave ;

And the rough ocean, when the billows rise,
Lash'd by Borean blasts, and threat the skies;
Not fair AURORA, when with balmy breath
She wafts perfume along the dewy heath;
And the fierce North, when a black cloud deforms
The face of heaven, portending thunder storms;
Not the mild flame, that on a win'try night
Sheds its reviving warmth, and cheerful light;
And Devastation, with her flaming brand,
Wide spreading conflagration through the land;
Appear more diff'rent, than ROXANA's face,
When, dress'd in smiles, she puts on every grace,
And this ROXANA, the mask thrown aside,
Flashing vindictive ire, and sullen pride;
Or when, with discontent or envy stung,
She darts rude satire, from her taunting tongue.
Fond youth, beware! wilfully be not blind,
That JUNO's form has JUNO's haughty mind.
You might as well expect, secure to sleep
In a slight skiff, upon the raging deep,

As find one happy moment in your life,
If fair ROZANA should become your wife.
Black looks, or sullen tears, at each repast,
Will make each day more wretched than the last;
Till vex'd, and wearied, you abroad shall roam,
For that content you vainly sought at home;
Convinc'd her spirit will not brook control,
The galling chain will rankle in your soul,
And you would fly e'en to the farthest pole,
From the fair fury, from the madd'ning scene,
And set th' expanded universe between.

Methinks I hear some man exulting swear,
" Why, this is really " Women as they are."
Pardon me, sir, I'll speak, I'm not afraid;
I'll tell you what they are, what might be made.
When the Creator form'd this world in common,
His last, best work, his master-piece, was woman.
Ta'en from the side of man, and next his heart,
Of all his virtues she partakes a part;

And from that source, poor woman got a share
Of vice and folly, mingled here and there.
But would you treat us, scorning custom's rules,
As reasonable beings, not as fools,
And from our earliest youth, would condescend
To form our minds, strengthen, correct, amend ;
Teach us to scorn those fools, whose only joys
Are plac'd in trifling, idleness and noise ;
Teach us to prize the power of intellect ;
And whilst inspiring love, to keep respect ;
You'd meet the sweet reward of all your care ;
Find in us friends, your purest joys to share ;
You then would own the choicest boon of Heaven,
The happiest lot that can to man be given,
To smooth the rugged path, and sweeten life,
Is an affectionate and faithful wife.

SONNET I.

THE primrose gay, the snow drop pale,
The lily blooming in the vale,
Too fragile, or too fair to last,
Wither beneath th' untimely blast,
Or rudely falling shower ;
No more a sweet perfume they shed,
Their fragrance lost, their beauty fled,
They can revive no more.

So hapless woman's wounded name,
If Malice seize the trump of fame ;
Or Envy should her poison shed
Upon the unprotected head
Of some forsaken maid ;

Tho' pity may her fate deplore,
Her virtues sink to rise no more,
From dark oblivion's shade.

SONNET II.

CONTENT is happiness, the sages say,
Yet, such as the poor shipwreck'd sailors taste,
Who all night brav'd the waves, at dawn of day
Find themselves landed on a barren waste,
And thankful they have 'scap'd, the danger o'er,
Dream not 'twill be their fate to starve on shore.

So when we hear life's tempest round us beat,
Ambition, Envy, Pride and Jealousy,
The mind desires to find some lone retreat,
Safe from the beating of the boisterous sea;
Nor thinks within th' apparent calm abode,
What silent misery may the heart corrode.

SONNET III.

YON cloud, which throws its dark and envious veil
Over the brow of the chaste queen of night,
Though it may shroud and make her radiance pale,
Catches itself a soft refracted light,
And its dark tints, in meditation's eye,
Sublimely grand are found;
Its sable folds contrasted by
The stream of liquid silver round.

Grown darker still, its silver rays are lost,
And one black curtain wraps the low'ring skies,
Shrouding the glorious planetary host,
While through the trees, the chill air mournful sighs;

And hark, how heavy fells the peltering show'r ;
Shall man to murmur dare ?
These clouds, this rain, cheers plant and flow'r,
To make the morn more fair.

So often o'er life's frail and transient joy,
Some unexpected sombre shade is thrown ;
Its gloom the pleasure of the scene destroys,
And even Hope's pale trembling beam is gone ;
But we, from this, may purest joys derive,
When the cloud breaks away ;
Emerging from the gloom, should hope revive,
'Twill brighter make the day.

SONNET IV.

SAY, where can peace of mind be found,
If not where truth and honour dwell;
Where reason darts her influence round,
The mists of error to dispel?

But oft our passions take the lead,
And hoodwink'd Reason lags behind;
When spotless honour's doom'd to bleed,
Ah, then adieu to peace of mind.

Though Reason fail, and Honour die,
Truth, awful Truth, in light array'd,

Holds her bright mirror to the eye,
And shews the victim vice has made.

We start, and turn our loathing eyes
From the sad view; the change we mourn;
Vain, vain regret! when Virtue flies,
Alas! Peace never can return.

SONNET V.—DAY-BREAK.

SOFT streaks of light, along the eastern skies,
Bid the industrious labourer arise ;
Shake off the fetters which his senses bound,
Reap the rich grain, or till the fertile ground ;
Lightly he springs from off the slothful bed,
Thankful for power to earn his daily bread.

So let me hail thee, cheerful rising day,
Chasing with smiles the clouds of night away ;
And thankful for the blessings thou dost bring,
My soul its grateful matin song shall sing ;
Prepare my daily duties to fulfil ;
And having pow'r, may I ne'er want the will

Faithfully to perform the task assign'd,
With busy hands, a light and cheerful mind;
Esteem each given blessing as I ought,
Nor what's withheld, repine at, even in thought.

SONNET VI.

AWAY, dull care, and leave me;
By cheerful fancy led,
No more shall doubt e'er grieve me,
Each hour by pleasure sped.
Rejoicing, as they pass away,
Repeating, as they fly
On downy wing: "Oh! sieze to-day,
Give it to joy, it will not stay
E'en to-morrow's morning ray;
Resting on its bed of clay,
Still thy heart may lie."

TO HOPE.

GILDED Phantom, light and vain,
Gay, delusive, fleeting thing;
Flattering shade, descend again,
Bear me on thy downy wing.
What tho' oft thou dost deceive,
Still I woo thee to my breast;
Listen still, and still believe,
Till each doubt is hush'd to rest.

TO THE SAME.

SWEET cherub, clad in robes of white,
Descend, celestial HOPE,
And on thy pinions soft and light,
Oh bear thy vot'ry up.
'Tis thou canst soothe the troubled breast,
The tear of sorrow dry;
Canst hush eash doubt and fear to rest,
And check the rising sigh.

THE ENQUIRY.

WHAT in life is worth possessing?
Tell me, rigid censors, say:
Love alone's the choicest blessing;
Then let's love our lives away.

But if Love, that greatest treasure,
Is not plac'd within our pow'r;
Then let Friendship fill the measure,
Then to Friendship give the hour.

Take the present time, enjoy it;
And since life is but a span;
They are wisest, who employ it,
Snatching all the sweets they can.

TO THE ROSE.

LOVELY, blushing, fragrant Rose,
Emblem of life's transient joys,
Ere half thy sweets thou canst disclose,
One rude touch thy bloom destroys.

Though the sweetness thou dost yield
Can pleasure to each sense impart;
The thorn, beneath thy leaves conceal'd,
Oft wounds the unsuspecting heart.

FABLE.

"WRITE a poem," said JULIA, "for me to peruse."
"I will, my dear girl, if the subject you'll choose;
Or if you'll press into my service the Muse;
For of late she has left me.
Shall I write upon love?" "No, love is but folly."
"On the sorrows of life?" "No! that's melancholy!"
"On its pleasures?" "Ah, yes, tell me where I may find them;
I have sought them in vain, but I now have resign'd them;
Time of hope has bereft me.

"Write, write—let me see; on these candlesticks write."
"Pshaw! I can't write on those." "Well, then let the pale light

Be the subject ; it serves to enliven the night,
But oft will deceive us ;
And like friends, whom in fortune's gay sunshine we know,
Having blazed in our service an hour or two,
When night quick advancing, throws round us its shade,
Grow languid, and when we may most want their aid,
Will vanish, and leave us."

In days of romance, when, as Fabulists teach,
Trees, plants, stocks, and stones had the pow'r of speech ;
When foxes could flatter, and grave owls could preach ;
In a snug little dwelling,
By the parlour fire side, on a cold winter's night ;
A lamp and a candle emitted their light ;
'Twas a fair tall mould candle ; the lamp, when fill'd brimming,
Would burn twenty hours without any trimming ;
Each in merit excelling.

The candle was vain of her shape and her stature,
And said to the lamp, "Insignificant creature,
"Pray dost thou presume, with thy foul smoky nature,
"To vie with my beauty?
"Keep your distance, vile thing; in some kitchen immure you;
"Your smell is offensive, I cannot endure you;
"Behold my fine form, how tall, slender, and white,
"And see round my head what a full blaze of light;
"Away! learn your duty."

"Vain fool," quoth the lamp, "though so brilliant and gay,
"Know you not that bright flame only burns to decay
"The delicate form you're so proud to display?
"Soon your reign will be past.
"Like the passions of youth, your evanescent fire,
"Having wasted your form, will grow faint and expire;
"While, like reason's pure radiance, my steadier flame,
"Though paler, unchanging and ever the same
"Through a long night will last."

SONNET I—*MORNING.*

NOW the sun, with cheerful ray,
Rises to salute the day;
While the fragrant breath of morn
Shakes the dew-drops off the thorn.
Now the lark, with tuneful note,
Strains her little warbling throat,
And, rejoicing, seems to say,
Mortals, rise and hail the day.

SONNET II.—*NOON.*

PHOEBUS, from his burning throne,
Darts direct his blazing eye;
Flow'rs, their morning fragrance gone,
Hang their heads, and seem to die.
Flocks and herds now seek the shade,
Or lave them in the cooling streams;
The rustic swain, and nut-brown maid,
In the forest shun his beams;
While trees, and plants, and shrubs, on hill, in grove,
Droop 'neath the fervour of the rays they love.

SONNET III.—*EVENING.*

PURPLE clouds adorn the west,
Radiant Sol is sunk to rest;
Eve in the robe of silver grey
Wraps the fading face of day;
The milk maid now her fingers plies;
The weary lab'rer homeward hies,
His wallet cross his shoulders flung,
And at his side his bottle hung;
While nymphs and swains, in meadows gay,
Walk and chat, or sing and play,
And Philomela's plaintive strains complete the roundelay.

SONNET IV.—*NIGHT.*

ON her car of deepest blue,
With silver thickly studded o'er,
Clad in robes of sombre hue,
Sprinkling round a dewy show'r;
A diamond cresent on her brow,
Shedding soft and chasten'd light,
Bidding cooling zephyrs blow,
Welcome, silent, tranquil NIGHT.
Beneath thy covert while the many sleep,
The wretched may, unseen, uncensur'd, weep;
And forced all day with smiles to hide their woe,
Blest night! conceal'd by thee, the tears may flow,
The highest luxury the tortured heart can know.

THE CHOICE.

I ASK no more than just to be
From vice and folly wholly free;
To have a competent estate,
Neither too small, nor yet too great;
Something of rent and taxes clear,
About five hundred pounds a year.
My house, though small, should be complete,
Furnished, not elegant, but neat;
One little room should sacred be
To study, solitude, and me.
The windows, jessamine should shade,
Nor should a sound the ears invade,
Except the warblings from the grove,
Or plaintive murm'rings of the dove.

Here would I often pass the day,
Turn o'er the page, or tune the lay,
And court the aid and sacred fire
Of the Parnassian tuneful choir.
While calmly thus my time I'd spend,
Grant me, kind Heaven, a faithful friend,
In each emotion of my heart,
Of grief or joy, to bear a part;
Possess'd of learning, and good sense,
Free from pedantic insolence.
Pleas'd with retirement let him be,
Yet cheerful, midst society;
Know how to trifle with a grace,
Yet grave in proper time and place.

Let frugal plenty deck my board,
So that its surplus may afford
Assistance to the neighb'ring poor,
And send them thankful from the door.

A few associates I'd select,
Worthy esteem and high respect;
And social mirth I would invite,
With sportive dance on tiptoe light;
Nor should sweet music's voice be mute,
The vocal strain, or plaintive lute;
But all, and each, in turn agree,
T' afford life sweet variety;
To keep serene the cheerful breast,
And give to solitude a zest.

And often be it our employ,
For there is not a purer joy,
To wipe the languid grief-swoln eye,
To sooth the pensive mourner's sigh,
To calm their fears, allay their grief,
And give, if possible, relief.

But if this fate, directing Heaven
Thinks too indulgent to be given,
Let health and innocence be mine,
And I will strive not to repine ;
Will thankful take each blessing lent,
Be humble, patient, and content.

ON THE DEATH OF

Miss JULIANA KNOX.

PEACE to the heart that mourns, the eye that weeps;
The lovely maiden is not dead, she sleeps.
Where seraphs min'ster round Jehovah's throne,
Her unembodied, spotless soul is flown;
And kindred angels tuned their golden lyres,
Their bosoms glowing with celestial fires,
To guide her through the doubtful, gloomy way,
Safe to the realms of everlasting day;
Welcom'd their sister to the house of rest,
The bright eternal mansions of the blest:
There mixing with the bright celestial train,
Exulting, she will join the adoring strain,
To HIM who *was*, and is,
And shall forever reign.

Oh, mother! most afflicted, sure if e'er
Maternal love was Heaven's peculiar care,
Thy silent tears, thine agonizing sighs,
Before the Great Eternal will arise.
Cease then thy plaints; look up with faith; behold,
They in the magic volume are enroll'd;
Register'd in the awful court of Heaven,
Who only has recall'd, what it had given.
Religion, smiling as she marks the page,
Cries, "Let this hope the mother's pangs assuage;
Though the unspotted angels went before,
The hour will come when grief shall be no more;
Then shalt thou see those much lov'd forms again,
Aud join with them in the adoring strain,
To HIM who *was*, and is;
And shall forever reign.

* Mrs. Knox lost four children in two years; two of whom were grown up.

TO A YOUNG LADY, WHO REQUESTED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOMETHING ON HER.

YOU bid me write on that fair face;
Well pleas'd I take the theme;
But when I would recount each grace,
I'm puzzled in th' extreme.

Flattery, dear ***, I cannot bear;
I write, and speak, the truth;
I know you good, I think you fair,
Blest with the charms of youth.

But yet forgive me, if I say,
Should I each thought aver,

None are so good, but that they may,
At some times, greatly err.

Pardon me, when these lines you see,
And know me for a friend ;
Who thinks, whate'er your faults may be,
You've sense, and power, to mend.

SIMILE.

PASSION is like the base narcotic flower,
That flaunts its scarlet bosom to the day;
And when exerting its nefarious power,
Benumbs the sense, and steals the strength away.

In the gay morn attractive to the eye,
Its thin leaves flutter in the wanton wind;
But ere the sun declines, t'will fade and die,
While still its baleful poison lurks behind.

But Love! pure Love! the human soul pervading,
Is like the musk-rose, scenting summer's breath:
Its charms, when budding in its prime, and fading,
Will even yield a rich perfume in death.

FRIENDSHIP—AN ALLEGORY.

LOVE, as 'tis said, of Beauty tir'd,
Of course no longer blind;
Beheld, and ardently admir'd,
A grave plain nymph, called MIND.

He won her; from this marriage sprung,
As poets fondly deem,
A little maid, whose praise they've sung,
Yclept by them ESTEEM.

REASON admir'd, in early youth,
This lovely maiden's charms;
'Twas REASON woo'd; she, led by TRUTH,
Soon yielded to his arms.

A beateous child their union blest,
Of most etherial make:
Of neither sex, as it liked best,
It either form could take.

It had its father's piercing eye,
Its mother's ardent soul;
Its voice affliction's tear could dry,
Or passion's rage control.

The VIRTUES triumph'd in its birth;
Even WISDOM smiling came;
Bade it descend to bless the earth,
And FRIENDSHIP call'd its name.

VIRGIL'S 10th ECLOGUE.

Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi, &c. &c.

ALLOW me, Arethusa, by thy stream
To tune my lyre, and chant my fav'rite theme;
In this last effort a slight strain to raise,
And to my GALLUS* dedicate the lays.

* GALLUS, a great friend and patron of VIRGIL, and an excellent poet. He raised himself from a low station, to high favour with the Emperor Augustus. He was deeply in love with a lady whom he calls LYCORIS, who slighted him for a soldier, whom she had followed to the wars. The poet, therefore, supposes GALLUS retired into the solitudes of Arcadia, surrounded by the rural deities, who all unite in pitying his misfortunes, and consoling him under the hard usage of his scornful mistress.

And where, my GALLUS, may the poet be,
Who would refuse to tune his lyre for thee ?
Oh ! may the numbers flow so soft, so clear,
That even LYCORIS herself might hear.
So, Arethusa,† when thy chaste, cold tide,
Shall soft beneath Sicilian billows glide,
May green hair'd DORIS‡ from thy path decline,
Nor ever mix her bitter waves with thine.

Begin, my muse, whilst, or with wanton bound,
Or browsing the green turf my kids sport round ;
Yet not for them, we strike th' harmonic string ;
'Tis not to them insensible we sing.
Rehearsing GALLUS' unsuccessful loves
In plaintive numbers, th' umbrageous groves

† Arethusa, a river in Sicily, said to pass many miles under the sea, with which its waters never mix.

‡ DORIS, a sea nymph, but used here for the sea itself.

Most sweetly shall prolong the soothing strains,
And Echo bear them to the neighbouring plains.

Ye Nymps, and Naiades, what lawns, what bowers,
Or limpid fountains fring'd with sedge and flowers,
Detain'd ye ? whilst beneath Arcadian skies,
My GALLUS with unheeded passion dies.
On *Pindus' summit did ye sportive play ?
Or in Parnassus' hallow'd precincts stray ?
Or to sweet †Agganippe's fount resort,
Where the nine tuneful sisters hold their court ?
Ah no, ye nymphs ! sure these could not detain
Your consolations from the love-sick swain.

* Pindus and Parnassus, are two mountains consecrated to the muses.

† Aggannippe, a fountain which springs in Pindus, and is sometimes called the Aonian spring.

With him the sacred laurel seemed to moan,
And the green tamarisk, as sad alone,
Beneath Lycæan cliffs he lay reclin'd,
And breath'd his sorrows to the passing wind.
Pine-crown'd *Mœnalus every sigh return'd,
And e'en the cold rocks melted as he mourn'd.

With piteous looks stood round his fleecy care,
And seem'd their much lov'd master's grief to share;
Blush not, sweet chanter of the vocal reed,
Blush not that thou art doom'd a flock to feed;
†Adónis, loveliest of Arcadia's swains,
Tended his sheep upon her flow'ry plains,

*Mœnalus and Lycœi, two mountains of Arcadia, the one abounded with pines, the other was almost continually covered with snow.

† Adonis, a shepherd boy, exceedingly handsome, and beloved by Venus.

Or led them by the fountain's mossy side,
Or where through meads translucent rivers glide;
Yet CYTHEREA, deck'd in all her charms,
Descending, wooed the shepherd to her arms,
Left, for his sake, the blissful seats above,
His heart her throne, her only heav'n his love.

The shepherds and the slow-pac'd neatherds came;
All mourn'd my GALLUS' unsuccessful flame:
To soothe his grief, MENALUS near him drew,
His garments dripping with autumnal dew;
Fring'd round the skirts with gems of glittering hoar,
Loaded with acorns for his winter store.
All, all enquire, "Can nought thy grief remove?
Why thus pines GALLUS with unheeded love?

APOLLO self, forsook the orient skies,
"And whence this folly? whence this love?" he cries;

" She, even LYCORIS, that haughty fair,
" For whom you waste your youth in pining care,
" Flies the soft shadows of Arcadia's grove,
" O'er snow crown'd hills she seeks another love,
" Nor check'd by fear, nor scar'd by war's alarms,
" Follows through camps, and horrid scenes of arms.

SYLVANUS came along ; where'er he treads,
Pale primroses, and snow-drops rear their heads ;
About his waist the fragrant musk-rose blows,
And sumptuous lilies nod upon his brows.

PAN came, with whom the rustic fauns advance,
And as he pipes, lead up the mazy dance ;
Whom once we saw by nymphs in sportive mood,
Stained with the bramble's and the alder's blood ;
" And is there nought," he cries, " can bring relief ?
" Does GALLUS set no limits to his grief ?

" Think'st thou that love regards thy tearful eyes ?
" He scorns thy sorrows, and he mocks thy sighs ;
" When thrifty bees are sated with the sweets,
" Which in the granate's fragrant blossom meets ;
" When kids are sated and forsake the fields,
" Which sweetest shrubs and richest pasture yields—
" Then cruel love, his poison'd arrows spent,
" With human sufferings will be content."

But mournful he replies, " Through ev'ry grove,
" Ye shepherds ye shall sing my hopeless love ;
" Ye shepherds who in fam'd Arcadia dwell,
" Who most expert can tune the vocal shell ;
" Ah then ! each sorrow of my soul supprest,
" How soft beneath your turf my bones shall rest ;
" So may your strains my memory prolong,
" So be my love recorded in your song.
" But oh ! that Heaven in an humble state,
" Fixing my lot, like thine had been my fate ;

" Then cheerful rising, I each morn should lead,
" My lowing herd, to pasture, field or mead,
" Or in the vineyard, at the day's decline,
" Pluck the ripe clusters from the pendant vine ;
" Then sure had PHYLLIS or AMYNTAS strove,
" To catch my notice and obtain my love ;
" With me they might repose where the rich vine,
" Luxuriant round the pliant willows twine ;
" PHYLLIS with chaplets had my temples drest,
" AMYNTAS warbling lulled my soul to rest.
" What though we cannot call AMYNTAS fair,
" Nut brown her skin, and jetty black her hair,
" The violet of soft cerulian blue,
" Though it boast not the lily's spotless hue,
" Sweet to the scent and lovely to the eye,
" Can even with the rich carnation vie ;
" And though in Ethiopian tints array'd,
" The luscious berry wears a dusky shade,
" Pleasant to view and grateful to the taste,
" It yields the temp'rate swain a rich repast.

" Here, my lov'd LYCORIS, are verdent fields,
" And here at noon, the grove a shelter yields ;
" Here, where the cool refreshing fountains play,
" How sweet with thee, might life consume away.
" But love, despairing love, detains me here,
" Where cruel MARS erects the hostile spear;
" Me in his rigid service he retains,
" Whilst thou art distant from thy native plains ;
" Oh ! let me not believe it, can it be,
" Thou'rt willingly so far from love and me ?

" And dost thou climb the lofty mountain's brow,
" Render'd tremendous by perpetual snow ;
" Or where the Rhine's cold waves forbade to pass,
" Seem a vast field of highly polished glass ?
" Ah ! cruel, whither, whither art thou gone ?
" Why would thou tempt such dang'rous scenes alone ?

Oh! LYCORIS, wherever thou may'st be,
May the cold have no power to injure thee;
May the sharp ice, that in thy path may lie,
Melt at the beaming lustre of thine eye;
And softening as you pass, may you not meet,
Aught that might lacerate thy tender feet.

For me, I'll seek some unfrequented mead,
And tuning the Sicilian Shepherd's reed,
In elegiac strains my sorrows tell,
In strains, such as *Euphorion lov'd so well.
For rather than pursue thee thus in vain,
Banished forever from Arcadia's plain,
I'll seek the desart, hide me in some cell,
Where only monsters of the forest dwell;

* EUPHORION a Greek poet, whose elegies GALLUS had translated into Latin verse.

On each surrounding tree I'll carve thy name,
And as the bark extends, so grows my flame.

Sometimes perhaps I'll mingle in the throng,
Of woodland Nymphs, join in their dance or song;
Or over Mænalus, with hound and horn,
Rouse the fierce boar, at blush of early morn.
Nor me the beating tempest shall withhold,
Nor Borean blasts, nor winter's piercing cold.
Now over rocks and hills I seem to bound,
Whilst Echo answers to the deep mouth'd hound:
Now with unerring hand I seem to throw,
†Cydonian arrows from the Parthian bow;
As if I thought those sylvan sports would prove,
(Mistaken fool) a cure for hopeless love;

† Cydon was a town in Crete, whose arrows were much esteemed; and the Parthians were famous for their bows, which were made of horn.

As if the God, who throws around his darts
At random, lacerating human hearts,
Our sufferings would heed, or deign to show
Compassion for unhappy mortals' woe.

But now nor woodland Nymphs, nor chanter clear,
Nor songs repeated, can delight mine ear;
Farewell, ye woods, farewell, ye verdant plains,
And flow'ry lawns, and you, ye pitying swains.
From you, through wilds and barren wastes I range,
But nought has power my constant heart to change.
Not the benumbing winter's frigid breath,
Fatigue, nor misery, nor aught but death;
Not though I drank of *Hebrus' icy wave,
Though drenching rains my weared limbs should lave;

* Hebrus, one of the largest rivers in Thrace; its waters are remarkably cold.

Not though within the parching torrid zone,
I stray'd o'er Ethiopia's plains alone,
Where Sol from Cancer darts his burning ray,
And on the trees the withering rinds decay ;
Nor these, nor aught my constancy can move ;
Love conquers all, and we must yield to love."

Ye heavenly sisters, thus your poet sung,
Around, the echoing hills responsive rung;
He sung, whilst busily his fingers wove,
Of pliant reeds, a basket for his love.
And these poor lines, ye sacred sisters, make
Welcome to GALLUS, for the poet's sake ;
To GALLUS, whom each rising hour shall bring
Encrease of love, as does the genial spring,
Which bids the alder shoot, the fields look gay,
And nature wear her trimmest, best array ;
For as each circling hour her charms improve,
So to my GALLUS hourly grows my love.

But see where vesper, glimmering in the west
Foretells the season of approaching rest;
Arise and let us go; nocturnal dews
Are most unfriendly to the vocal muse.
Even where the juniper her branches spread,
The evening dews unwholesome vapours shed;
Even noxious to the fertile fields that give,
The farinaceous grain by which we live;
Then cease, my lay, cease, cease, my lyre, to mourn;
Go home, my flocks, my well fed kids return.

32d ODE OF HORACE, 1st BOOK.

Poscimur, si quid vacui, &c. &c.

MÆCENAS bids, then come, my lyre,
And let us raise as sweet a song,
As did the *Lesbian bard inspire,
Who sang of BACCHUS, gay and young;
Who, though renown'd in feats of arms,
Sang CUPID's power, and VENUS' charms.

'Twas he, oh lyre, with touch divine,
First from the chords drew melting strains;
He sang the muses, tuneful nine,
And †LYCUS, glory of the plains;

* ALCEUS, a Greek poet, who lived in the time of SAPPHO.

† LYCUS, a youth beloved by HORACE.

Lycus, whose jetty locks and eyes,
E'en with the raven's plumage vies.

Mæcenas bids, then lend thy power;
If e'er with art I touched thy strings,
E'er breathed a lay which might endure,
Now aid thy Poet whilst he sings;
Now teach me all thy magic art,
And dictate lines to touch the heart.

Thou, who dost grace Apollo's hand,
Who even Jove's repasts improve,
Whose power awakens at command
Hope, joy, fear, grief, revenge, or love;
Be ready, at thy vot'ry's pray'r,
To cheer my toils, and sooth my care.

23d ODE OF HORACE, BOOK 3d.

Cælo supinas si tuleris, &c. &c.

PHIDYLE, simple, rustic dame,
If thou hast fann'd the sacred flame,
Hast bade the smoke of incence rise,
Or raised thy hands toward the skies,
When the chaste queen of night, new-born,
Faintly displays her silver horn ;

If thou hast offered ripened grain,
But lately reap'd from off the plain,
Hast offered fruits that might suffice,
T' appease the household deities ;
Invoked their aid with rites divine,
And sacrificed a hungry swine ;

If with pure hands, and heart sincere,
A conscience from offences clear;
Then shall thy pray'rs accepted be,
Thy flocks and fields from blight be free;
The gods thy industry shall bless,
And crown thy labours with success.

Let wealth and power be display'd,
By pompous gifts on altars laid;
Even bread and salt, if freely given,
Are more acceptable to Heaven;
And the best sacrifice assign'd,
Is a pure heart and grateful mind.

17th ODE OF HORACE, 2d BOOK.

Cur me querelis exanimas, &c. &c.

NO ! my MÆCENAS, no ! the gods and I
Are equally averse, that thou shouldst die ;
My best support, my patron, or to blend
Every dear name in one, my honoured friend,
Cease these complaints, it cannot, must not be,
That thou shouldst seek Elysium without me.

Alas ! should fate the hasty mandate give,
And my soul's better part should cease to live ;
Then for what reason should I tarry here,
Not half so good, nor to mankind so dear ;
Nor could I long survive, when torn from thee ;
The day, which takes thee hence, will ruin me.

Have I not sworn, nor will I break my oath,
The call of death for one will summon both ;
When, or howe'er thou may'st the journey make,
I am resolv'd its perils to partake ;
We will together, tread the gloomy way,
Together, seek the realms of brighter day.

Though to appal me, fell *CHIMERA stands,
Though †GYAS rise, and with his hundred hands
Oppose my passage, nought shall have the pow'r,
To tear me from thee in that dreadful hour ;

* CHIMERA, a poetical monster, like a lion in the fore part, a dragon behind, and a goat in the middle. It was also the name of a burning mountain in Lybia.

† GYAS, a fabulous being, said to be the son of heaven and earth ; he is represented as having a hundred hands, and fifty heads.

In life, in death, resolv'd to follow thee,
Justice demands it, and the fates decree.

For whether Libra, balance of the earth,
Or the fierce scorpion overruled our birth,
Or the rude tyrant of the western sea;
Certain, our stars most strangely do agree;
JUPITER's guardian glories round thee shine,
While light-wing'd MERCURY's protection's mine.

For when cold SATURN would repress thy praise,
Thy planet rules, and lo! the people raise
Three shouts of glad applause; and when on me
The fatal sisters hurl'd a falling tree,
MERCURY, watchful patron of the learn'd,
Aside by FAUNUS' hand the danger turn'd.

Remember therefore to the Gods and fate,
Victims to burn, and temples dedicate;
For thee, the smoke of hecatombs shall rise,
But for thy HORACE one poor lamb suffice.

PART OF THE

18th ODE OF HORACE, 2d BOOK.

Non ebur, neque aureum, &c. &c.

THOUGH on the ceilings of my humble home,
Nor fretted gold, nor polish'd iv'ry glow ;
Nor beams, nor columns, here support the dome,
From Afric's forest, or *Hymettus' brow.

Nor do I like †ATTALUS' fraudful heir,
Another's palace seize, his rights assume ;

* Hymettus, a mountain in Attica, famous for cedar trees and honey.

† The kingdom of ATTALUS, king of Pergamus, was seized by one ANDRONICUS, who pretended he was descended from the royal stock, and usurped the throne.

Nor keep as slaves, respected matrons there,
To fit the Spartan purple for the loom.

But mine are fair sincerity and truth,
While genius round me flits in wanton sport;
Though poor and humble, many noble youth
Sue for my favour, and my friendship court.

Nor ask I more, of all-indulgent Heaven,
Nor to my friend for greater favours press;
To me a little home and peace are given,
And CREOSUS' wealth, with discontent, were less.

31st ODE OF HORACE, 1st BOOK.

Quid dedicatum poscit, &c. &c.

WHEN at APOLLO's sacred shrine
The grape's enliv'ning juice I pour;
While on the pavement streams the wine,
What asks the poet of the power?

Nor the rich corn, *Sardinia yields,
Nor herds that range †Calabria's groves,

* Sardinia, an island of Italy, famous for yielding fine grain.

† Calabria, a country in Italy; it yields fruit twice a year, and abounds in fine cattle.

Nor India's gold, nor fertile fields,
Through which the ‡Liris silent moves.

Let him, to whom kind fortune gives
To pluck ripe clusters from the vine;
Who in gold cups the juice receives,
And quaffs nectarious draughts of wine;

Let him whom Heaven surely guards,
Who without fear, from danger free,
Oft spreads the sail and trims the yards,
And visits the Atlantic sea,

With sickles of Calenian make,
Advance, the bending vines to dress;

‡ Liras, now called Gangliana, a river in Italy.

And his rich full libations take,
New streaming from Campania's press;

Request abundance rich and rare,
To please his taste and grace his board;—
Give me the light and frugal fare,
The vegetable stores afford.

Give me, Apollo, strength of mind,
And health to taste the joys I have;
Let wreaths the hero's temples bind,
The meed of honesty I crave.

Make me contented with my lot;
And still, to raise my pleasures higher,
Let poetry oft grace my cot,
And music strike her dulcet lyre.

THANKSGIVING.

AUTUMN receding, throws aside
Her robe of many a varied dye;
And WINTER, in majestic pride,
Advances in the low'ring sky.
The lab'rer in his granry stores
The golden sheaves all safe from spoil;
While from her horn gay Plenty pours
Her treasures to reward his toil.
To solemn temples let us now repair,
And bow in grateful adoration there;
Bid the full strain in hallelujahs rise,
To waft the sacred incense to the skies.

Now the hospitable board
Groans beneath the rich repast;

All that lux'ry can afford,
Gratful to the eye or taste ;
While the orchard's sparkling juice,
And the vintage join their powers ;
All that nature can produce,
Bounteous Heav'n bids be ours.
Let us give thanks ; yes, yes, be sure,
Send for the widow and the orphan poor ;
Give them wherewith to purchase clothes and food ;
'Tis the best way to prove our gratitude.

On the hearth high flames the fire,
Sparkling tapers lend their light ;
Wit and genius now aspire
On Fancy's gay and rapid flight ;
Now the viol's sprightly lay,
As the moments light advance,
Bids us revel, sport, and play,
Raise the song, or lead the dance.

Come, sportive love, and, sacred friendship, come,
Help us to celebrate our harvest-home;
In vain the year its annual tribute pours,
Unless you grace the scene, and lead the laughing hours.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH DAY OF *GEORGE WASHINGTON, ESQ.* AND SUNG ON THAT OCCASION, IN BOSTON, FEBRUARY 11th, 1798.

AIR.—*ANACREON IN HEAVEN.*

WHEN rising from ocean Columbia appear'd,
MINERVA to JOVE, humbly kneeling, requested
That she, as its patroness, might be rever'd,
And the pow'r to protect it, in her be invested.
JOVE nodded assent, pleasure glow'd in her breast,
As rising, the goddess: her will thus exprest
"The sons of Columbia forever shall be
"From oppression secure, and from anarchy free."

Rapture flash'd through the spheres as the mandate went forth,
When MARS and APOLLO, together uniting,
Cried, Sister, thy sons shall be fam'd for their worth,
Their wisdom in peace, and their valour in fighting;
Besides, from among them a chief shall arise,
As a soldier, or statesman, undaunted and wise;
Who would shed his best blood, that Columbia might be,
From oppression secure, and from anarchy free.

JOVE, pleas'd with the prospect, majestic arose,
And said, "By ourself, they shall not be neglected;
"But ever secure, tho' surrounded by foes,
"By WASHINGTON bravely upheld and protected.
"And while Peace and Plenty preside o'er their plains,
"While mem'ry exists, or while gratitude reigns,
"His name ever lov'd, and remember'd shall be,
"While Columbians remain INDEPENDENT and FREE."

BALLAD.

IN the full bloom of youth, hard, alas ! is my fate,
And tho' gentle my heart, its afflictions are great ;
Contentment, sweet maid, from my bosom is flown,
For HENRY is faithless, and I am undone.
Ah ! why did I list to the vows that he made ?
But she who loves truly may soon be betray'd ;
Come, pity my sorrows, ye kind-hearted fair,
For alas, I am driven almost to despair,

In a lowly roof'd cot, from ambition secure,
I dwelt with my father ; alas, he was poor ;
But free from all vice, and a stranger to art,
And I was the comfort, and joy of his heart.
Each morning as blythe as the wood lark I rose,
And innocence heigthened the sweets of repose,

But the scene is now chang'd; grant me pity, ye fair,
For alas, I am driven almost to despair.

Cold and bleak was the night, and the hour it was late,
When wounded and faint, HENRY knock'd at our gate;
We bound up his wounds, but, alas, the return
Was to rob me of virtue, and leave me to mourn.
I flew to my father, Oh, pardon, I cried;
He heard my dishonour, forgave me, and died:
Oh pity my sorrows, ye kind hearted fair,
For alas! I am driven almost to despair.

BALLAD.

BENEATH a willow's pendant shade,
ELINOR, sad, unhappy fair,
Inspir'd by music's plaintive aid,
Thus breath'd her sorrows to the air:
Ah me! I feel love's poison'd dart,
In vain the poison would repel,
But who transfix'd it in my heart,
I cannot, will not, dare not tell.

When bright along the eastern skies,
The morning sheds a golden beam,
How fervent do my prayers rise,
Invoking peace and health for him.
The village maidens speak his fame,
He does all other youths excel,

But where he dwells, or what's his name,
I cannot, will not, dare not tell.

Zephyr, as you with the cooling air
Light around his temples play,
Soft to his ear these tidings bear;
Whisp'ring gently, Zephyr, say,
Speak in the language of a sigh,
How much I love, how true, how well;
But should he ask my name, reply,
I cannot, will not, dare not tell.

SONG.

FRAGILE sweets, how frail ye are,
Snow-drop pale, and vi'let blue;
Beauty, tho' so heav'nly fair
And sweet, may be compar'd with you.
In the early spring ye bloom,
Making April's mantle gay,
But robb'd of beauty and perfume,
Fade upon the robe of May.

Lovely Rose, who, queen of flow'rs,
Spring and summer both adorn;
Hanging, tempting, round our bowers,
Hiding 'neath thy charms a thorn.
So the joys of youth appear,
Tempting to the distant view:

Who to gather them draws near,
Finds they hide a thorn like you.

Myrtle, beauteous evergreen,
Fair thy blossoms to the view,
Pure as snow drops are they seen,
Fragrant as the musk-rose too.
Friendship's emblem thou shalt be,
In thy simple charms array'd,
Cheer'd by sun-shine, lovely tree,
Frost alone can make thee fade.

PARODY ON THE MARSEILLES HYMN,

ADAPTED FOR THE SONS OF COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA's Sons, awake to glory,
Your Guardian Genius bids you rise ;
Transmit your name to future story,
As learned, gen'rous, brave and wise.
Shall pois'nous reptiles, mischief brewing,
With cringing knaves, a lawless band,
Spread disaffection through the land,
While mean and selfish schemes pursuing ?
To yonder vaulted sky—our solemn vows shall fly,
Firmly to oppose, all treacherous foes—
Live free, or bravely die.

E'en now the distant thunders rolling,
Speak the angry tempest nigh ;

The breath of demagogues is howling,
Their threat'nings gleam along the sky.
And shall we tamely hear it roaring,
Th' horizon with dark clouds o'erspread;
While Liberty, with drooping head,
See's democratic despots soaring?
To yonder vaulted sky—our solemn vows shall fly,
Firmly to oppose—all treacherous foes—
Live free, or bravely die.

Liberty, thou noblest gift of Heav'n,
Who once has felt thy sacred fire,
Would wish to live of thee bereaven,
Or would not in thy cause expire?
Oh! may thy banners, ever glorious,
O'er blest Columbia proudly wave;
Her children spurn the name of *slave*,
Over insidious friends victorious;

To yonder vaulted sky—our solemn vows shall fly,
Firmly to oppose—all treacherous foes—
Live free, or bravely die.

STORM AT SEA.

LOURING cloud a storm presages,
See the foaming surges rise ;
Hark ! how blust'ring Boreas rages ;
Threat'ning waves approach the skies.

Lower your topsails, boys, be ready ;
Strike the topmasts, brace the yards ;
Scud before it, keep her steady ;
Who this little gust regards ?

Cheerly, lads, to fear a stranger;
Cut away the splinter'd mast :
Though surrounded thus by danger,
Boys, it blows too hard to last.

To windward see the clouds dispersing,
Now it lulls, the storm is o'er;
How pleasant, when the tale rehearsing,
To your listening friends on shore,

To tell, how friends and home regretting,
You felt, as 'fore the gale she drove;
Then sink to rest, each care forgetting,
In the arms of faithful love.

SONG.

INDEPENDENT FARMER.

WHEN the bonny grey morning just peeps from the skies,
And the lark mounting, tunes her sweet lay;
With a mind unincumbered by care I arise,
My spirits light, airy, and gay.
I take up my gun; honest Tray, my good friend,
Wags his tail and jumps sportively round;
To the woods then together our footsteps we bend,
'Tis there health and pleasure are found.
I snuff the fresh air; bid defiance to care,
As happy as mortal can be;
From the toils of the great, ambition and state,
'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

At noon, I delighted to range o'er the soil,
And nature's rough children regale :
With a cup of good home-brew'd I sweeten their toil,
And laugh at the joke or the tale.
And whether the ripe waving corn I behold,
Or the innocent flock meet my sight ;
Or the orchard, whose fruit is just turning to gold,
Still, still health and pleasure unite.
I snuff the fresh air ; bid defiance to care,
As happy as mortal can be ;
From the toils of the great, ambition and state,
'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

At night to my lowly roof'd cot I return,
When oh, what new sources of bliss ;
My children rush out, while their little hearts burn,
Each striving to gain the first kiss.
My Dolly appears with a smile on her face,
Good humour presides at our board ;

What more than health, plenty, good humour, and peace,
Can the wealth of the Indies afford ?
I sink into rest, with content in my breast,
As happy as mortal can be;
From the toils of the great, ambition and state,
'Tis my pride and my boast to be free.

SONG.

WHEN far from freedom's happy court,
Where all the social arts resort,
We plough'd, unaw'd, the roaring main,
Where war and slaughter held their reign,
Then Fame her trumpet sounded;
The vault of Heaven resounded;
We saw her banners wave on high,
And rush'd to conquer or to die:
Midst smoak and fire, and groanings dire
Of valiant seamen wounded.

In Freedom's cause to yield our breath,
We brave all danger, smile at death;
Undaunted we her foes pursue,
Though fire and blood impede our view.

When fame her trumpet sounded,
Our hearts with joy rebounded;
We saw her coming from on high,
And in her hand came victory.
They crown'd each head, and e'en the dead,
With laurel wreaths surrounded.

SONG.

*ORPHAN NOSEGAY GIRL.**

"WHO'LL buy a nosegay? cried a sweet child,
An orphan left wretched and poor;
Here's roses, and pinks, and sweet briar wild;
And Heaven will bless you thrice o'er."
Do pray buy my roses, indeed they're not dear,
Each bud shall be moistened with gratitude's tear.

Hard! hard! is my fate, my father is dead,
He fell in the nation's defence;
Those friends who once courted our favour are fled,
And prov'd all their friendship pretence.
Do pray buy my roses, indeed they're not dear,
Each bud shall be moistened with gratitude's tear.

* The first verse is the same as the original song.

My mother was by, when by brave father fell;
The bullet, which robb'd him of life,
Sunk deep in the bosom which lov'd him so well,
And murder'd the health of his wife.
Do pray buy my roses, indeed they're not dear,
Each bud shall be moistened with gratitude's tear.

Do pray buy my roses, for hard is my fate;
My parents to heaven are fled;
Bestow then a trifle before 'tis too late,
My poor little sisters want bread.
Do pray buy my roses, indeed they're not dear,
Each bud shall be moistened with gratitude's tear.

SONG.*

"DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine."

Those joys, which from the soul do spring,
The tongue can ill impart;
But from the eye may dart a beam,
To penetrate the heart.

Then prythee, Chloe, strive to learn
A language so divine;
Speak to me only with thine eyes,
And I'll reply with mine.

* This first verse also is from the original song.

SONG.

WHEN hoarse winds roar, and lightnings gleam,
And thunders shake the spheres,
We shrink affrighted from the scene,
And trembling, own our fears.
But Sol breaks forth, serenely bright,
The clouds are chas'd away;
With double joy we bless the light,
And hail the coming day.

So my poor heart, when long opprest
With heavy weight of care,
Sunk cold and languid in my breast,
And welcom'd black despair.

But now the cherub, Hope, appears,
The clouds before her fly ;
She soothes my cares, she dries my tears,
And fills my heart with joy.

SONG.

AMERICA, COMMERCE & FREEDOM.

HOW blest a life a sailor leads,
From clime to clime still ranging;
For as the calm the storm succeeds,
The scene delights by changing.
When tempests howl along the main,
Some object will remind us,
And cheer with hopes to meet again
Those friends we've left behind us.
Then under snug sail, we laugh at the gale,
And tho' landsmen look pale, never heed 'em;
But toss off a glass, to a favourite lass,
To America, Commerce, and Freedom.

And when arrived in sight of land,
Or safe in port rejoicing,
Our ship we moor, our sails we hand,
Whilst out the boat is hoisting.
With eager haste the shore we reach,
Our friends, delighted, greet us;
And, tripping lightly o'er the beach,
The pretty lasses meet us.
When the full flowing bowl, has enliven'd the soul,
To foot it we merrily lead 'em,
And each bonny lass will drink off a glass,
To America, Commerce and Freedom.

Our cargo sold, the chink we share,
And gladly we receive it;
And if we meet a brother Tar,
Who wants, we freely give it.
No free born sailor yet had store,
But cheerfully would lend it;

And when 'tis gone, to sea for more,
We earn it, but to spend it.
Then drink round my boys, 'tis the first of our joys,
To relieve the distress'd, clothe and feed 'em;
'Tis a task which we share, with the brave and the fair,
In this land of Commerce and Freedom.

SONG.

THE rose just bursting into bloom,
Admir'd where'er 'tis seen,
Dispenses round a rich perfume,
The garden's pride and queen ;
But gathered from its native bed,
No longer charms the eye ;
Its vivid tints are quickly fled,
'Twill wither, droop and die.

So woman, when by nature drest
In charms devoid of art,
Can reign sole empress in each breast,
Can triumph o'er each heart ;

Can bid the soul to virtue rise,
To virtue prompt the brave ;
But sinks oppress'd, and drooping dies,
If once she's made a slave.

SONG.

WELCOME is the morning light,
To the trav'ller faint and weary;
Or the rising queen of night,
Cheering his journey long and dreary.
But far more welcome, far more dear,
Than rising moon, or op'ning morning,
Are Friendship's smile, and Pity's tear,
The face of Truth itself adorning.

Welcome are sweet beds of flowers,
Where the bees collect their gains;
Welcome are refreshing showers,
When the burning dog star reigns.
But far more welcome, far more dear,
Than rain to earth, or flower to bee,

Are Friendship's smile, and Pity's tear,
When beaming on, or shed for me.

Soothing is the water falling,
To the sad and pensive breast;
Gentle is the ring dove's calling,
To his partner on the nest.
But far more soothing, gentle, dear,
Than ring dove's notes or purling stream,
Are Friendship's smile, and Pity's tear,
From those we tenderly esteem.

MORAL REFLECTION.

SEE down the stream yon painted vessel glide,
Borne on alike by prosp'rous wind and tide;
Whilst on the deck her giddy inmates stand
Unheeding they're so near the destin'd land;
When told that they can linger there no more,
Unwilling, trembling, try an unknown shore.

But mark yon bark upon the angry waves,
Whose fury the experienced pilot braves;
And the poor weary passenger to cheer,
Points to the rugged coast which they draw near;
Safe in the haven, on the destin'd shore
They find repose; nor wish to wander more.

So 'tis with life ; who pass down the flood,
Fortune and pleasure filling ev'ry sail ;
Here fix their heart, here seek their only good,
And dread the hour when all those joys must fail ;
While they who buffet with misfortune's wave,
Extend their hopes of peace beyond the grave.

THE LITTLE SAILOR BOY.

THE sea was calm, the sky serene,
And gently blew the western gale;
When ANNA, seated on a cliff,
Watch'd the Lovina's less'ning sail.
To Heaven she thus her pray'rs addressd,
"Thou who canst save, or canst destroy,
From each surrounding danger guard
My much lov'd little Sailor Boy.

"When tempests o'er the ocean howl,
And even sailors shrink with dread,
Be some protecting angel near,
To hover round my WILLIAM's head:
He was belov'd by all the plain,
His father's pride, his mother's joy;

Then safely to their arms restore,
Their much lov'd little Sailor Boy.

" May no rude foe his course impede,
Conduct him safely o'er the waves;
O may he never be compell'd
To yield to pow'r, or mix with slaves.
May smiling peace his steps attend,
Each rising hour be crown'd with joy,
As blest as that, when I again
Shall meet my much lov'd Sailor Boy."

TRUXTON's VICTORY.

WHEN Freedom, fair Freedom her banner display'd,
Defying each foe whom her rights would invade,
Columbia's brave sons swore those rights to maintain,
And o'er ocean and earth to establish her reign.

United they cry,
While that standard shall fly,
Resolv'd, firm and steady,
We always are ready
To fight and to conquer; to conquer or die.

Tho' GALLIA through Europe has rush'd like a flood,
And delug'd the earth with an ocean of blood;
While by *faction* she's led, while she's govern'd by *knaves*,
We court not her smiles, and will ne'er be her slaves:

Her threats we defy,
While our standard shall fly;
Resolv'd, firm and steady,
We always are ready
To fight and to conquer; to conquer or die.

Tho' FRANCE with caprice dares our STATESMEN upbraid,
A *tribute* demands, or sets bounds to our *trade*;
From our *young rising* NAVY our thunders shall roar,
And our *Commerce* extend to the earth's utmost shore.
Our cannon we'll ply,
While our standard shall fly;
Resolv'd, firm and steady,
We always are ready
To fight and to conquer; to conquer or die.

To know we're resolv'd, let them think on the hour,
When TRUXTON, BRAVE TRUXTON off *Nevis's* shore,

His ship mann'd for battle, the standard unfurl'd,
And at the *Insurgent's* defiance he hurl'd :
And his valiant *Tars* cry,
While our standard shall fly,
Resolv'd, firm and steady,
We always are ready
To fight and to conquer ; to conquer or die.

Each heart beat exulting, inspir'd by the cause ;
They fought for their country, their freedom and laws :
From their cannon loud vollies of vengeance they pour'd,
And the standard of *France* to Columbia was lower'd.
Huzza ! they now cry,
Let the *Eagle* wave high ;
Resolv'd, firm and steady,
We always are ready
To fight and to conquer ; to conquer or die.

Then raise high the strain, pay the tribute that's due
To the fair CONSTELLATION, and all her *brave* Crew:
Be TRUXTON rever'd, and his name be enroll'd
'Mongst the *Chiefs* of the *Ocean*, the *Heroes* of old.

Each invader defy,
While sush heroes are nigh,
Who always are ready,
Resolv'd, firm and steady,
To fight and to conquer; to conquer or die.

KISS THE BRIM, AND BID IT PASS.

WHEN Columbia's shores receding,
Lessen to the gazing eye ;
Cape nor island intervening,
Break th' expanse of sea and sky ;
When the evening shades descending,
Shed a softness o'er the mind,
When the yawning heart will wander,
To the circle left behind ;
Ah, then to friendship fill the glass,
Kiss the brim and bid it pass.

When the social board surrounding,
At the evening's slight repast,
Often will our bosoms tremble,
As we listen to the blast ;

Gazing on the moon's pale lustre,
Fervent shall our pray'rs arise,
For thy peace, thy health, thy safety,
To him who form'd the skies;
To friendship oft we'll fill the glass,
Kiss the brim and bid it pass.

When in India's sultry climate,
Mid the burning torrid zone,
Will not oft thy Fancy wander
From her bowers to thy own?
When her richest fruits partaking,
Thy unvitiated taste
Oft shall sigh for dear Columbia,
And her frugal neat repast;
Ah, then to Friendship fill the glass,
Kiss the brim and bid it pass.

When the gentle eastern breezes
Fill the home-bound vessel's sails,
Undulating soft the ocean,
Oh, propitious be the gales;
Then when ev'ry danger's over,
Rapture shall each heart expand;
Tears of unmix'd joy shall bid thee
Welcome to thy native land;
To friendship then we'll fill the glass,
Kiss the brim and bid it pass.

PLEASURE.

WHILST others mourn the woes of human kind,
And conjure phantoms up, to fright the mind;
Dwell on each trifling ill, till it appear
A load too vast, too multiplied to bear;
Spread round dark Melancholy's sombre veil;
With lengthen'd visage, tell so sad a tale,
The sad heart sickens, tears bedim the eye,
And closed is ev'ry avenue to joy;
PLEASURE's my theme, nor could the sportive muse
A theme more varied or diffusive choose.

Oh! Nymph forever courted, young and fair,
Where is thy dwelling place? earth, sea, or air?
So changeable thy form, and thou art found
In such incongruous scenes; thy robes unbound,

Thy tresses floating in the wanton wind,
One hand half open, one concealed behind,
Smiling, deluding us of care and sorrow,
With flattering promises of joy to-morrow;
To thee no fix'd abode can be assign'd;
But come, gay Nymph, for once possess my mind.

I see thee, even now; on yonder green,
Within that ring of sportive boys thou'rt seen;
And now behold thee on the kite arise,
Or the swift foot-ball follow as it flies;
Now in that bag, crowded with marbles found;
Now on that top, spinning along the ground.
Yes, and full oft, upon a winter's day,
When frost and glittering gems made all things gay,
I've seen the buckle on the stripling's skates,
Who vaunts his skill, above his fearful mates,
And as in graceful circles round he wheels,
Laughs, if the ice betrays his comrades' heels.

I've seen thee drag up hill the urchin's sled,
Who with rapidity, devoid of dread,
Rushes impetuous down; again thou'st stood
Upon the margin of the glassy flood,
Amongst a pigmy group, who, half afraid,
Launched forth their little bark of shingle made;
With skewer for mast, for rigging slender thread,
Its sails of small white rags, so trimly spread,
That as it floated down the placid stream,
They clapped their infant hands in joy extreme.

And now thou com'st with such bewitching grace,
So blythe a mien, and such a smiling face,
Thou canst delight to age itself recall;
What brought thee hither? ah! that waxen doll,
Those cups and saucers, tea urn, spoons, and all;
That nice buffet, those treasures safe to keep,
That bed and curtains, where the doll shall sleep.
Now thou reposest in that easy chair,
Thy matron brow shaded with silver hair,

Thy mild eye beaming with delight and pride,
On the lov'd prattler sporting by thy side ;
Yet though I see thee plain, 'tis hard to tell,
With which of these two beings thou dost dwell ;
Whether the donor of the charming toys,
Or her sweet grandchild, feels the purest joys.

Where art thou flitting now, bright phantom ? say,
Is it to yonder group so neat, so gay,
Who with light heart, and sportive bound advance,
And to the sprightly viol lead the dance ?
Yes ! yes ! thou beam'st from that blue laughing eye,
Thou mak'st that little heart beat high with joy,
Thou reign'st triumphant in the festive scene,
Where all is cheerful, innocent, serene ;
Where she is happy who is best attir'd,
Yet happier she, who is the most admir'd ;
But happiest, of the happy, she confest,
Where all dance well, the gracefullest and best.

But now the scene is chang'd, and thou dost pass,
To that fair creature, who before the glass,
Ties on her neat chip hat, adjusts her hair,
And pins her kerchief with the nicest care.
Ah! hasten, fair one, for across the plain,
Advances eagerly, thy fav'rite swain;
And now how swiftly light-wing'd PLEASURE flies,
To greet the youth, peeps from his speaking eyes;
Returns toward the nymph, to quit her loath;
They meet, and PLEASURE dwells alike with both.

And now thou hoverest round a sacred fane,
Weaving of half blown roses a soft chain;
While from a torch a lambent flame ascends,
Twines round the chaplet, with the roses blends.
A youth in saffron garments fans the fire,
And as it burns, their sweets, their tints are higher;
They seem to glow with amaranthine bloom,
And shed around, a fragrant, rich perfume.

Oh PLEASURE ! heavenly vision, linger here ;
Spread thy white pinions, let no foe come near :
Let not pale anguish, with o'erflowing eye,
Quench the bright flame, or cause the flow'rs to die :
Call Truth, and Love, and Honour to thy aid,
So shall the flame still burn, the flow'rs ne'er fade ;
Thy cheering presence gild each rising day,
And but with life itself pass quite away.

Now thou art passing through that prison gate ;
Now on that sick and suff'ring wretch await ;
Yes, it is thou, dear PLEASURE, that dost glide,
In humble guise, still by the good man's side ;
Raising the widow, and with giant arm
Defending the unfriended child from harm ;
Clothing the naked, giving thy own bread,
That thy poor suffering brethren may be fed ;
Healing the broken heart, and making dry
The sorrow-furrow'd cheek, and swollen eye.

Oh PLEASURE! Beauty's self did never wear
A form so bright, so exquisitely fair,
As thou, with glowing cheek, and humid eye,
Soothing the sorrows of humanity.
Blest is the bosom where thou dost preside;
Blest is the liberal hand which thou dost guide;
And like a living spring, thy path is seen,
Strewed with fresh flowers, and verdure ever green.

Within the circle round yon blazing hearth,
Defying spleen, excluding noisy mirth,
With eye serenely mild, but yet from whence
Beams genius, learning, wit, intelligence,
I see thee seated, and with fond delight,
Forgetful of the hour of waning night,
Trace past events of sorrow or of joy,
Turn the historic page, or, sweet employ,
Read Nature's wondrous volume, and then raise
To Nature's GOD the look, thought, voice of praise.

Heart, springing forth to heart, in sympathy,
Expressive silence speaking from the eye,
Love in the bosom, like empyrean flame,
So pure, saints might partake it without blame;
PLEASURE, if on this globe thou canst be found,
'Tis when thou art by sacred friendship crown'd;
Thee, the base slaves of passion never knew,
Thou minglest not with the unholy crew;
But sometimes, a foretaste of heav'ns delight,
Thou sufferest love and friendship to unite,
Reason and virtue the sweet incense blend,
And honour bid the hallow'd flame ascend
On soaring wing, and still aspiring rise,
Bright, purified, to its own native skies.

Where go'st thou now? with that mild placid mein,
PLEASURE, dost thou attend that death bed scene?
Ah yes! I see thee mitigate each pain,
And while the dying man hears hope is vain,

Thy words, thy looks, his anxious thoughts control,
And whisper peace, and pardon, to his soul.
I know thee; every where thou art the same:
PLEASURE, RELIGION is thy real name.
To smooth the rugged part of life thou'rt given,
Cheer the dark vale of death, and lead to heaven.
In youth, in manhood's prime, in life's decline,
RELIGION, all our real joys are thine;
By reason's powerful rein, restraining sense,
Giving delight a zest, by innocence;
O'er every scene, throwing thy magic charm;
In every ill, lending thy powerful arm.
Who seeks for PLEASURE, leaving thee behind,
Pursues a shadow, courses the fleet wind;
But led by thee, no care his soul annoys,
No fears depress, no doubt his peace destroys;
'Tis thou encreasest every joy we taste,
Mak'st Eden bloom amidst a barren waste,
And waft'st the soul, releas'd from grief and pain,
To realms where PLEASURE holds immortal reign.

END.

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